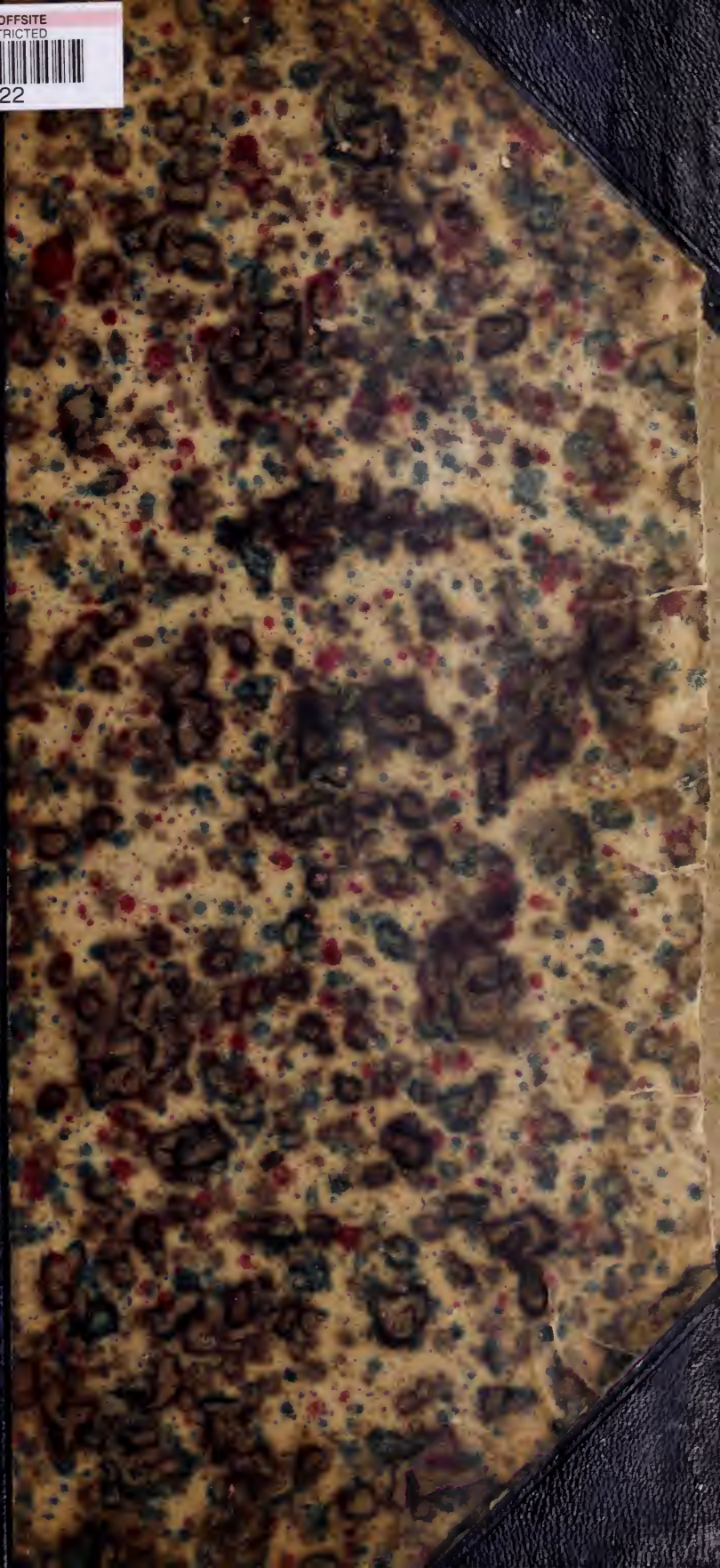


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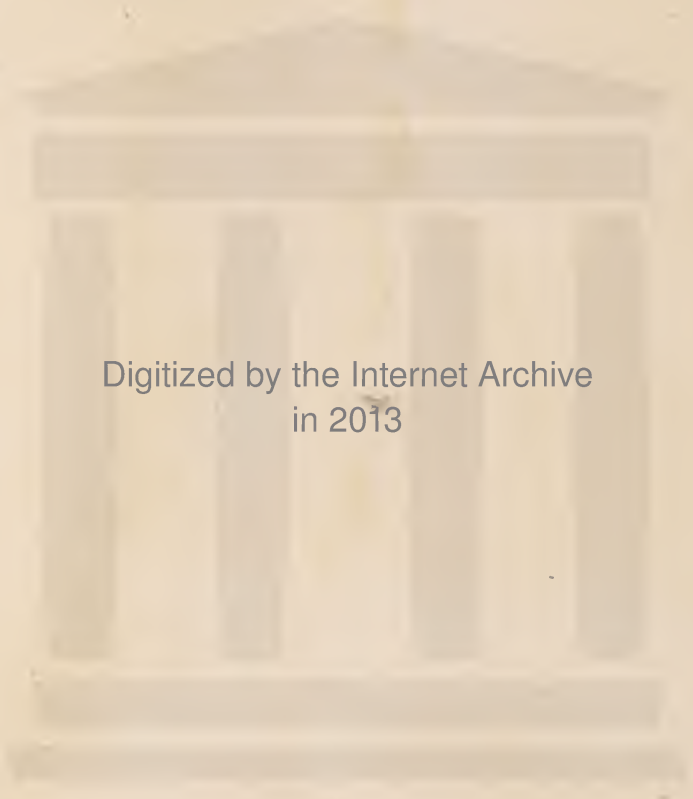


(NEW YORK), 1651.

*When you leave, please leave this book
Because it has been said
"Ever'thing comes t' him who waits
Except a loaned book."*

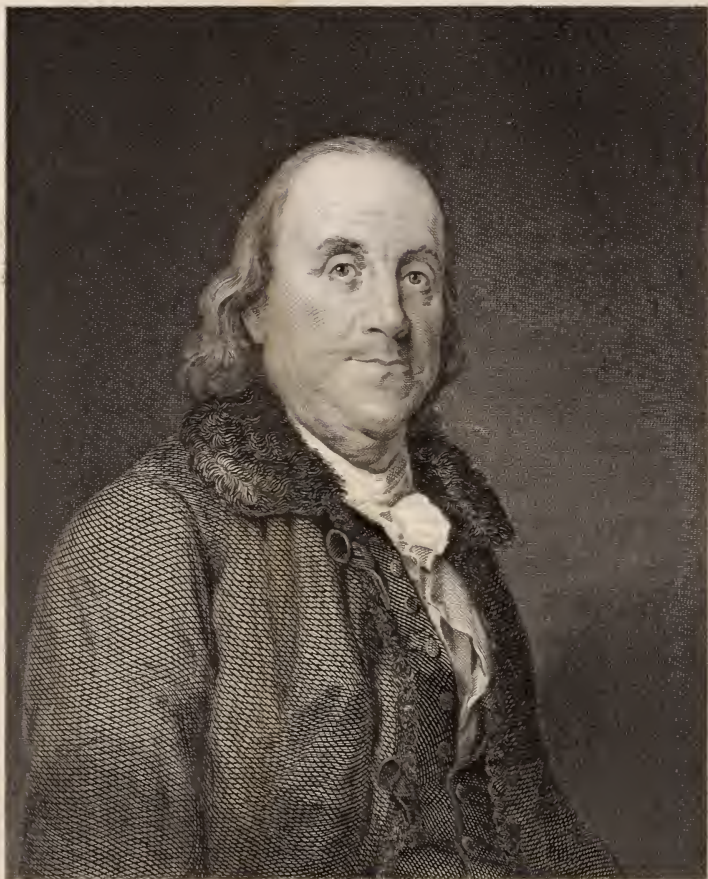
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Benj. Franklin

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

PRINTERS' BANQUET,

HELD BY THE

N. Y. TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,

ON THE OCCASION OF

FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-DAY, JAN. 17, 1850,

AT

NIBLO'S, BROADWAY.

NEW-YORK:

CHARLES B. NORTON, 71 CHAMBERS-STREET,
(IRVING HOUSE.)

1850.

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JOHN F. TROW, PRINTER,
49 & 51 Ann-street.

PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
PRINTERS' BANQUET.

THE NEW-YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY celebrated the One Hundred and Forty-Fourth Anniversary of the Birth of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, on Thursday evening, January 17th, 1850, by appropriate Literary Exercises, a Supper, and other Commemorative Proceedings. In order to give every possible effect to the Celebration, Mr. Niblo's New Buildings, including the Opera House, Assembly Room, Supper Room, Parlors and Saloons, and all the various accommodations of this magnificent Establishment were engaged.

The Public Literary Exercises were held in the Opera House, which was filled in every part by a highly intelligent audience, numbering between two and three thousand persons. The Stage was occupied by the Speakers, Reporters, and the Invited Guests, comprising distinguished Authors and Editors, promi-

nent Publishers, and influential members of our own profession.

Above the Stage was suspended the original "Cap Portrait" of Franklin, painted while he was Ambassador to France, by the celebrated COCHIN. This valuable Painting was kindly loaned by Gideon Nye, Jr., Esq., Proprietor of the Gallery of the Old Masters.

The Music was of a very superior character. The Odes were sung by the Choir from the N. Y. Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Mr. Geo. H. Curtis; and the Overtures were performed by Dodworth's celebrated Band, comprising twenty-six performers.

Upon the conclusion of the Literary Exercises the Public Meeting was adjourned; after which between five and six hundred Ladies and Gentlemen, including the members of the Society, their guests and friends, partook of a sumptuous Supper provided by Mr. Niblo.

The interesting proceedings at the Supper—the Toasts and Responses—the genial flow of wit and eloquence—the absence of Wine—the presence of Women—the Music and the Singing—and the *finale* of the Festival, the union of four or five hundred in the pleasures of the dance, agreeably diversified the amusements, and seemed to afford the fullest enjoyment to every one present.



Beny Franklin



Believing from the enthusiastic notices of the Press, and the universal approbation of all who participated in the festivities, that many would be glad to possess a full Report of the Celebration in a permanent form, the Society appointed the undersigned to prepare the Proceedings for printing. The Committee have performed their duty to the best of their ability, but have been delayed, greatly beyond their expectation, by waiting for some of the "copy," which will account for the lateness of the publication.

DANIEL GODWIN,	} Com. of Publication.
C. C. SAVAGE,	
B. R. BARLOW,	

Opening Ode.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Up the mountains of toil, and the stern labor-steeps,
 With his eye on the sun in its splendor and might,
Till he reached the high peak where his genius still keeps
 In its brightness and power a time-during light:
While he stood in the storm when the tempest was wild,
 And the thunders of heaven loudly rolled o'er his head,
With the lightnings he played, and the storm's fiery child
 Bringing down to the Earth as it harmlessly sped.

See the flashes of Truth as they leap from the sky!
 Hark! the thunders of wrath o'er the despots are hurl'd!
And the lightnings come down on their way as they fly,
 For the might of "THE PRESS" is the KEY for the world!
E'en the clouds looming dark in the azure of heaven,
 Bear the tidings of bliss and of Liberty's birth—
For the chains and the fetters of Tyranny riven
 Shall but rust in the tomb, and leave Freedom to Earth.

While the PRESS shall endure, with its truth-pealing tongue
 Shall the tribute be paid to his toil and his fame,
And where Freemen their pæans of triumph have sung,
 They shall speak of his worth, and shall honor his name!
With the Heroes of Truth he shall stand on the roll—
 With the Fathers of Science shall speak evermore—
And where Freedom shall waken high thoughts in the soul,
 Shall the genius of FRANKLIN illumine the shore!

Address.

BY PETER C. BAKER,

PRESIDENT OF THE N. Y. TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Friends—Ladies and Gentlemen:

Permit me, on behalf of the New-York Typographical Society, to express the pleasure we feel in beholding so large a number assembled this evening to participate in a celebration of the Birth of one whose name and fame, though the common property, not alone of our country, but of the world, is more particularly dear to those who daily pursue the same profession in which he labored, and by the aid of which he raised himself to the summit of renown.

It is peculiarly proper that Printers should commemorate the Birth-Day of Franklin; not only for the reason that his name is the most illustrious in the annals of our Art, but also because his history is so full of instruction and encouragement, that we must all be profited by recalling the toils, the trials, and the triumphs of his life. His character presents a model which, whoever takes for his copy, will receive a corresponding reward.

The appropriateness of a Printers' Festival or Banquet upon the Birth-Day of Franklin will be readily admitted by all; and when we add to the other considerations, the influence of such a reunion in cultivating fraternal feelings, in

forming friendships, and in fostering a pride in our profession, the occasion becomes one of real utility and benefit. Much might be said in illustration of the advantages of such meetings, but cannot be by me at this time. I am necessarily restricted, and must present for your consideration a Project which is deemed to be one of the most important objects connected with this occasion. Previously, however, to doing this, I may be allowed to make a brief statement concerning the New-York Typographical Society.

This Society was instituted in 1809, by a number of Printers in this city, for the purpose of "affording relief to indigent and distressed members, their widows and orphans, and others who might be found proper objects of charity." In 1818, the Society was incorporated by an act of the Legislature, and re-chartered in 1832 for fifteen years, which expiring in 1847, it has since been incorporated under the General Law of the State enacted in 1848. It will be seen by this statement, that this institution has been in operation over forty years, and is consequently the oldest of its character in our city.

In the earlier years of its history, it was strictly a *Charitable* institution—giving relief only to such as were found to be in really indigent circumstances. It has since become a *Benefit*, or an *Insurance* Society—guaranteeing to every member, irrespective of his pecuniary condition, a certain weekly sum in case of sickness or accident. The change which has been made in this respect is in keeping with public sentiment, and uniform with nearly all the beneficial associations now in operation.

There is truly something holy in that kind of Charity which "droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," but as understood and exercised by the world, we would prefer to avoid being its recipients. There is a natural feeling in man which revolts at the thought of being dependent. It

is one of the noblest attributes of his nature, and is the prop which supports him without Charity's aid.

“Thy spirit, *Independence*, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,”

is a noble sentiment, keeping the head erect and the heart high—worthy of working for—fit for freemen !

If a member of our Society be sick, he receives the sum he has contracted for; not as a stinted, grudging gift, but as a debt due for value received. This is not charity—it is better—it is the brother's own—invested by him when in health, to be returned when needed. No one is abashed—no one is ashamed to receive his own.

I have deemed it necessary to speak more particularly on this subject, because of the misrepresentations of some misinformed persons, who have alleged that we still pursue the old relief system, and discriminate in reference to benefits. To put, I hope, entirely at rest, such unfounded detractions, I take this opportunity publicly to assert, that the New-York Typographical Society meets its obligations as cheerfully and as promptly as any similar institution in our city, and never makes a member's pecuniary circumstances a condition of payment. During its long career, it has never failed to meet all demands against its treasury, and at this time is in a better condition than at any previous period.

Aside from the security guaranteed to all who may become entitled to benefits, the Typographical Society presents peculiar claims upon every member of our profession, and it seems singular that so many should neglect it. It is “formed exclusively of their associates—of men to whom they are bound by the ties of a common pursuit, common tastes and habits, and long intercourse.” Surely, no other association can have stronger claims upon the Printer than one which is devoted entirely to his interest; and, to quote

from the Introduction to our Constitution, "Can any good reason be offered why we should prefer the welfare of our own families to that of other families, or to that of the community at large, which does not equally bind us to prefer the welfare of our own professional brethren to that of the members of other professions?"

We seek to increase our numbers because we feel that it will be for the benefit of all who unite with us, and also for the best interests of our profession—inducing kindlier feelings, removing prejudices, and creating an "*esprit du corps*" which will tend further to elevate our fraternity.

We have reason to believe that the influence which this Society is capable of exerting, is being felt, for since our last festival, an increased interest has been manifested, and we have received as members many of the most respectable persons connected with the business.

Although the New-York Typographical Society has been in existence more than forty years, yet its objects are still unknown to many, and therefore it may not be amiss to read the three last sections of the First Article of the present Constitution; they fully explain the principal features of our Association, and with a few remarks upon them, I shall leave its claims for the consideration of all who are qualified for membership, trusting that they may be induced to enroll themselves as members of our time-honored institution.

§ 3. Any printer or stereotyper, between the ages of twenty-one and fifty, who has worked five years at his business, and is in sound health, and of good moral character, may become a member of the Society by complying with the requirements of the Constitution.

§ 4. The objects of the Society shall be, the relief of sick and superannuated members, their widows and orphans—the cultivation of feelings of mutual friendship and respect between employers and journeymen—and general intellectual improvement.

§ 5. In no case shall the Society interfere in respect to the prices of labor.

A word of remark in reference to this last section, which prevents us from interfering in relation to prices. This restriction was imposed by the terms of the original charter granted in 1818; and without wishing to disparage those associations which have been formed for the purpose of maintaining a certain scale of prices, I may express the opinion, that the long career of prosperity which this institution has enjoyed, is mainly attributable to this restrictive provision of its Constitution. Granting the necessity of combination in certain cases, yet it cannot be disputed that an association which embraces both employers and journeymen, and as large a proportion of the one as the other, must exert a very material and beneficial effect upon the remuneration of labor. Both reason and experience go to prove that more can be effected by a friendly, fraternal feeling, between employers and journeymen, than by any plan which relies on compulsion, and engenders ill-will between many worthy men, who, if instead of being separated, were brought together, would soon complete an amicable arrangement.

One of the prominent features connected with the New-York Typographical Society, is "the cultivation of feelings of mutual friendship and respect between employers and journeymen; and though prevented from enforcing a certain scale of prices, there can be no doubt that it exerts an important and useful influence upon the recompense of labor.

The effect of uniting the employed and employer in a society, is also very advantageous in many other respects. By acting together as members and officers, an intimacy and an interest are formed, which is felt in the daily exercise of our calling; and as they visit each other in sickness, and perform the various duties of membership, they cannot but be mutually concerned in each other's welfare.

There is a great and a good influence exerted by this

Union, and were it extended throughout our profession, would render it the most happy and prosperous of any which is followed by man.

Those feelings of reserve and coldness on the one hand, and dislike and distrust on the other, which we too often see exhibited, would soon give place to cordiality and confidence, were the different members of our craft placed in a position where they could more clearly see and truly estimate each other's character. The New-York Typographical Society is admirably adapted for such a purpose—*such is its purpose*—and it should be cherished and sustained by all who would realize “how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.”

I have already said sufficient, I trust, to show the beneficial operation of this institution. That which is most worthy of commendation, is the influence it exerts, or is capable of exerting, in elevating the character of those who practise our art; in cultivating feelings of friendship and respect among the members of our profession; and also its tendencies to create a social equality of employers and journeymen. Men here meet on a common level as printers, and each one is judged, viewed, and rewarded, agreeably to his qualities and abilities.

No right-thinking man can object to this. Be his position ever so high, if he has reached it by superior ability, sagacity, or industry, he need have no fear of compromising the dignity of his station, or of losing caste, by connecting himself with an institution which has enrolled as members many who have achieved the highest reputation, not only in our own profession, but also in the walks of literature and science.

But I must close my remarks upon the objects and claims of our Society, trusting that enough has been said to favorably impress my auditors. Brief as I have endeavored to be,

I fear I have not allowed myself sufficient time to properly present the project before alluded to.

In introducing the subject of a PRINTERS' READING ROOM AND LIBRARY, it should be premised, that the members of the N. Y. Typographical Society commenced making donations of books, to establish a Library, in the year 1823; contributions have continued to be made from time to time, and at present, through the liberality of members and friends, the Library numbers over 2000 volumes, comprising many valuable works in nearly every department of literature.

The increased interest manifested in the Society during the past year, has extended to the Library, and successful applications for donations of books have been made to several of the most prominent publishers of this city. The liberality of one of the oldest and most respectable gentlemen connected with our profession, has also enabled us to make improvements, and add many valuable works to the Library.

Anxious to extend the privileges which they enjoy, the members have thought of throwing open their Library for the use and advantage of all the printers of this city. A few months since a committee was appointed to report upon the practicability of raising a fund for the establishment of a Printers' Public Reading Room and Library. After sufficient consideration the committee reported favorably, and spoke of the project in the strongest terms of commendation. They presented a detailed statement of the probable expense, and thought it could be covered by \$600,* which sum was proposed to be raised by annual subscriptions from persons connected directly or indirectly with the printing business. No doubt was expressed that this comparatively small amount

* This is probably too low an estimate—\$800 or \$1000 would be safer and sufficient.

could readily be realized by application to the proper persons. The Report of this committee was unanimously adopted at a general meeting of the Society. It was decided to bring the subject before this meeting, and after being presented for the consideration of those present, it was understood that a detailed plan should be prepared and circulated, with subscription papers, among the printers and publishers of the city.

Having been selected to present the principal features of the project, I shall be obliged to be very brief, and trust to the fulness of the plan which will be drawn up, to explain and enforce much which cannot be offered this evening.

Fully convinced as I am of the advantages of a Reading Room and Library for the recreation and instruction of printers, I yet know that it will require much effort to convince many of the utility of the undertaking. This is known as a utilitarian age, and any enterprise, to succeed, must be self-evidently useful as well as practicable. It must also be shown that it will be profitable, or its virtues alone will not establish it.

The project which I would present for your favorable consideration, has, I fully believe, utility, practicability, and profit, to recommend it, as I shall endeavor briefly to show.

There are, probably, fifteen hundred printers in this city; a large proportion of these are young, single men, who have come from various parts of our country, and have no other homes here than such as public boarding-houses afford. Without the ties of kindred, and with but few opportunities for enjoying the social intercourse of the family circle, they are constantly exposed to all the temptations of a city, and in many cases, no doubt, are led to forget their duty, and contract habits which they at first would shun as degrading, merely from the want of a place where they could meet and enjoy themselves after the labors of the day.

This large class would be immediately reached and greatly benefited, by the opening of a room to which they would be nightly invited by the presence of acquaintances, by books, by periodicals, and by files of papers from every part of the country.

The utility of the project before us, in this connection alone, must be admitted by every one at all conversant with the circumstances of our business. But it is not only this class who would be reached and improved; the apprentices should also be included as participants in its advantages; and, in fact, all others who follow the same calling. Printers are peculiarly a reading class, and the experience which we have had in our Society goes to show, that a Public Reading Room and Library would be very generally used by the various members of our profession.

Of the practicability of the undertaking there can be no uncertainty, if its utility is admitted, and its advantages perceived. All that is necessary in order to put the plan into operation, is to raise a sum sufficient to pay the rent of a suitable room, the services of a Librarian, and a few incidentals of light, insurance, etc. As has been stated, the expense, not including the fitting up of the room, could be covered by about \$600 a year. This may seem too small a sum, yet when it is recollected that it is only proposed to keep the room open in the evening, for the first year at least, and that books and papers would in most cases be cheerfully donated by publishers, it will be seen that our expenses would be much lower, in proportion, than any other similar institution.

The establishment of a Printers' Public Reading Room and Library, then, depends upon the securing of only some \$600 by contributions from the Printers of this city. Can it be done? Who can doubt it, if the members of our profession will only say it shall be!

I might greatly extend my remarks in presenting the

many advantages which might be derived from such an institution owned and controlled by Printers, but I think they are self-evident. The principal features must be understood by all, from the operation of many other institutions similar to that which we propose.

The pecuniary profit accruing from the establishment of a Printers' Reading Room might not be much, but morally and intellectually many would be gainers.

Another inducement may be offered to both employers and journeymen for their mutual advantage. A Register of situations, vacant and wanted, would be kept; and those requiring assistance could send immediately to the Librarian, who would at once enter the wants, so that they could be seen by those out of employment.

This feature alone seems almost, if not quite a sufficient inducement for both employers and journeymen to unite in possessing such a convenience. The knowledge of a Register being kept, would induce many to visit the room every evening; and the large number of Printers who come to this city almost every day in search for employment—total strangers to all here, without home or friends—would find at our reading-room those who would give them much useful advice and assistance.

This room could also be made the depository of specimens of the best workmanship—of beautiful books, bills, cards, and the finest work of every description; and in this way do much to improve the taste of the profession. This feature, I know, will recommend our project to all who entertain a pride in, and desire for, the advancement of our Art.

A profession whose whole time and labor is devoted to the dissemination of knowledge, the building of Libraries, and the manufacture of reading for the million, might, without exciting the surprise or envy of any one, at least possess a

room in which to preserve and peruse specimens of its own work. And this is all that is asked for.

The Printers of New-York should and must erect a Library in honor of the "Art Preservative." Why not a Printers' Library as well as an Historical Library, a Mercantile Library, or a Law Library? The Printer's claims and wants are as good and as real as those of any other class; and if full justice were done him, and his Library presented with a copy of every book which he printed, he would in time possess a collection outnumbering that of Alexandria. Then he might call on his friend the Public to help him read the proof of his labor; and as he explained how each letter of each word in each line of each page in all those thousands of volumes, was picked up one by one,—one by one,—and printed sheet by sheet, form by form, book by book, and all for the good of mankind, his friend would grasp his hand in love, call him his best benefactor, and acknowledge that indeed he did, and deserved to exercise *some* influence in this Republic of Letters.

But not to be extravagant, let me conclude by asking all present identified with our calling, to give the subject which I have broached a candid and careful consideration. There are many who have it in their power to enable this Society to put in operation an institution which in time might rival the most noble and useful in our land. To such, particularly, we appeal in favor of our project; and trust that they may be induced to do as much for the Printer, as they often and cheerfully do for others less closely connected to them by daily manifested interest, and years of friendly intercourse.

At least give us the means to test the experiment for a year; and at our next annual celebration we feel certain we shall be enabled to assure you that our most sanguine hopes have been realized—in the advancement of our Art, in the

moral and intellectual improvement of its members, and in the mutual good will of all who practise our profession.

With this appeal, I leave the fate of our project with those who are able to give it shape and tangibility, trusting when the plan is prepared for their approval and subscription, that they may cheerfully unite in establishing an institution, which, standing as a monument in honor of the "Art Preservative," shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the names of its earliest friends and founders.*

* It is proper to state here, that, in response to this appeal, the BEACH BROTHERS, of the N. Y. Sun, publicly offered any sum not exceeding \$600 towards the establishment of the proposed Reading Room and Library. This announcement was received with great enthusiasm by the audience, and there is no doubt that many more subscriptions would have been made, had a general invitation been given; but not anticipating immediate responses, and being restricted as to time, the President did not feel authorized to call for donations on that evening. At the first meeting after the Celebration, the Society appointed a Committee to prepare a Complete Plan for the establishment of the Project; and they are now engaged in their duties.

Oration.

BY W. L. S. HARRISON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New-York Typographical Society :—

The names of the great men of a country, distinguished for their virtues or their genius, are the brightest jewels in the coronet of a nation's glory. They mark the character of the age in which they live. They leave the impress of their genius upon the institutions of their time. They give an impulse and direction to the character and feelings of their countrymen. Such men have lasting claims upon the gratitude of their fellow-men ; for too frequently the success of political institutions depends entirely upon the character and direction derived from those who assisted in framing and establishing them. As a people, we point with pride to our

“ Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas !”

To

“ *Franklin*, whose quiet name ascends to heaven,
Calming the lightnings which his hand hath riven !”

“ While *Washington's* a watchword such as ne'er
Shall fade, while there's an echo left to air !”

We regard the date of their advent into the world as a day to be remembered—a day in which Heaven cast one of her blessings upon the human race. We remember only the day of their birth—for they are not dead; they live for ever in the monuments they have reared—in the soul-stirring and undying memories they leave behind them.

Could he whose birth we now commemorate stand in our midst, and contemplate, with us, the high attainments of the present age, and the brilliant future that lies before us, his lofty soul would be filled with high hopes for humanity, and his manly heart would beat with an intense love for the Art to which he was devoted, and in which he gloried. In his day the seeds of those principles and influences were sown, which are now working such wonderful and beneficial results to the human race. For who, surrounded by the light and learning and civilization of the nineteenth century, can fail to trace, amid the mighty and stirring events—the gigantic efforts of human genius—that are now ringing the loud plaudits of the world, the movements of a mighty *principle*, the glorious results of a great and powerful cause? Who cannot find food for reflection in the warring of discordant principles and passions?—in the vast and rapid changes that are hourly occurring around us? Never—and you may search every page in the annals of the human race—has the mind of man been so thoroughly aroused, and the energies of the nations so gloriously and so conspicuously exerted.

When was there the time when so many mighty and ennobling Ideas were promulgated and discussed? when the masses of mankind seemed so thoroughly aroused to a sense of their true interests, or a knowledge of their just rights? When were such heroic struggles ever put forth to break the fetters of despotism, and to shiver into atoms the rotten thrones that have for ages enslaved the people? Was it in Greece, when she revelled in the glory of her pride, and the

might of her power? Was it in Italy, when the valor of the stern Romans had pushed the flight of the Eagles from the Apeninnes to the distant regions of Caledonia—to the burning sands of Sahara—from the waters of the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules? Was it when Europe rushed to arms at the call of the Hermit, and launched her chivalry against the might of Saladin—the concentrated powers of the Crescent—to sweep from the sacred precincts of the Holy City the unhallowed footsteps of the followers of Mahomet? Or was it in a still later day, when Liberty crowned her young votary with the honors of Lodi, Arcola, and Marengo, only to be withered in the fires of Waterloo? No! the loftiest and sublimest efforts of the human race have been reserved for our own day and generation. These events have not yet entirely passed away. The full rush and fury of the storm has passed, but the distant echoes of the tempest are still borne to our ears.

But yesterday, the lightning was not rapid enough to convey to the expectant nations the tidings of stirring changes and mighty events. You have not yet recovered from the trembling anxiety, the exciting expectancy, felt by all, to learn that France had emerged into the full light of a free Republic; that Italy was about to resume her rank among the nations; and that Kossuth, Bem, and Dembinski had conducted the gallant Hungarians through one of the noblest struggles recorded in the annals of the world.

But recently, throughout old Europe, from every mountain, hill, and plain, rang the loud chorus of excited millions, exulting in the prospect of freedom. The fires of Revolution were again kindled, and their lurid light cast a transient splendor over the face of the nations. The Citizen King from his dream of power was hurled to the shades of oblivion; the craftiness and duplicity of the Metternichs and Talleyrands were baffled by the stern resolves of an awak-

ened people; and kings and princes gave their assent to constitutions and laws enlarging the liberty of their subjects, and abridging their own powers. Revolutionary France raised the first standard, and her manly cheer found a fitting response in the besieged breasts of the undying Romans, and an answering shout from the plains of Hungary. But alas! a few short months, and the voice of the patriot is silenced, and Liberty is seen only amid clouds and amid tears. Though the fires burn no longer, they are not quenched; though the song of Liberty is hushed, yet the melody of her voice still rings on the ears of the people; though the patriot is disarmed, yet the throne is not safe. And why? Because a mighty Idea has seized possession of the mass. A thousand burning thoughts have rushed through the minds of the people. Hearts that before were passionless, now beat with generous impulses and high hopes of the future. Grand and ennobling passions have filled the minds of men—ardent longings and mighty desires are concentrating hitherto dormant energies, yet to do battle for Freedom and regenerate the nations.

The causes which have led to the convulsions that have so signally marked our own age, find their origin in a distant day; and silently they have been gathering strength through a series of years, until at length they have rolled themselves with irresistible power upon the present generation. It is not our intention, neither were it our desire at this time, to enter into an examination of the causes that have worked together to produce the magnificent results witnessed in our own day.

We design merely to allude to the master moving cause of all—you, gentlemen, being engaged in accelerating its wonderful results. PRINTING—ay, the discovery of Printing—wrought a mightier revolution among men than the irruptions of Attila and Alaric, or the successes of Mahomet. The

“movable types” of Johannes Faust have swept away institutions and systems, theories and superstitions, as the mists of the morning are rolled away before the beams of the ascending sun. More potent than the artillery of armies, they have levelled to the dust the intrenchments of forty ages of ignorance and error, superstition and crime !

The morning of the 15th century dawned gloriously and brilliantly upon a long night of darkness and ignorance, during which all the knowledge and learning of the world had been confined to the cowed priest and the mitred abbot. For Books there were none, and manuscripts were rare, and accessible only to the nobles and the great, who rarely found time, from their wars and their pleasures, to examine their contents and profit by their knowledge. And even had they been accessible to the lower orders, their dependent social position effectually precluded them from the refining influences of mental culture. The peasant was ruled by his feudal chief—the chief by the king—and the king by the church. The history of that period is the history of Despotism. Its most prominent events were the shackling of mind and the persecutions of genius. Every step of the human intellect encountered the fierce hatred of power, and met the same punishments with Gallileo. It is a record of wars waged for ambition, and of the encroachments of power upon the rights of man.

Imperial Rome, for fourteen centuries the seat of a military power that had given her the proud title of Mistress of the World, had now been, for a period nearly as long, the seat and centre of a Religious power whose sway had become far more potent than that of her ancient name. Obscured by those barbaric irruptions that blotted her Empire from the page of history, she stood forth, in the earlier ages of the Christian era, the Head of the visible Church, and the sole Conservator of the learning and literature of the known

world. All that remained to man of the science of Egypt, the arts of Greece, and the refinements of the Augustan age, rested with her priests and her monks, and was to be found only within the walls of her monasteries. Her sway sprang from her knowledge; for the ecclesiastical orders were the only orders educated. The high in rank and the low in station bowed beneath it. She ruled by the power of religious faith, and the sanctity of religious observances; the *only* influence, perhaps, that could so long have held sway over the strong passions of rude and untutored Europe.

But that degeneracy which invariably follows the exercise of unquestioned power, had silently found its way into her councils, and had shown itself in her practices: and ere the voice of Luther rang through Europe, the mind of man was prepared for disenthralment, and anxiously awaiting the day when its dreams of Religious Freedom might be realized.

The first gleam of light that broke from an obscure spot in one of the streets of Mentz, proved to be the glimmering dawn of that day, which has since well nigh reached its meridian glory. That feeble gleam, scarcely perceptible at first, has since spread and irradiated wide over the earth; the dark recesses of mind, and the cloistered gloom of monasteries, have poured forth their hidden stores of wisdom and learning, to liberate the conscience bound by creed, and the soul enslaved by power!

As rapidly as printed books were multiplied and sent forth among men, did mankind advance in the scale of mental, moral, and social elevation. The Printing Press, scattering the jewels of truth and knowledge far and near, wrought wondrous miracles among men. The masses began to understand each other—began clearly to perceive their rights, and deeply to feel the irresistible power which, when united, they were capable of wielding.

Contrast Europe of the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries, with Europe of the 19th century. Then the Christian religion struggled like a half-smothered light amid the storms of a dark and a barbarous age. The advocates of human rights and human freedom were accounted heretics, to be punished only at the stake. Human genius took no higher range than human vision. That which men could not see, they did not understand—and that which passed their understanding, they bowed to in fear and in worship. Man dreamed not of personal liberty and intellectual freedom.

But now, the scene how changed ! The day of tyrannical domination over the mind of man has gone by. Free thought, shackled since Adam, has found a fitting utterance in the simple discovery of Faust ! The thunders of the Vatican are unheeded and harmless. The doctrines of Human Rights are every where discussed. The spirit and the tendency of the age is onward—onward to that glorious consummation—Universal Liberty and Universal Intelligence. Printed Books have scattered among men the rich conceptions of genius, and the profound discoursings of the philosopher. Through their agency, humanity has been enabled to profit by the experience of the past, and the worthy examples of the great, the wise, and the good of all ages.

The revival of letters, the spread of knowledge, and the wide dissemination of those truths and principles which elevate and dignify the character of man, soon changed completely the whole face of society. War gave way to the refining influences of peace—the Sword to the refined subtleties of diplomacy—the martial character of the people to the softening and civilizing influence of letters and the arts. Books were in the hands of men ; and kings and princes were taught the wholesome lesson, that to rule and to be great, and to perpetuate their rule and greatness, the people must be exalted, or the throne would be abased. The human

mind, once aroused from the lethargy in which it had slumbered for ages, awakened to the progressive principles of its nature, and to a consciousness of its own resources—its march thenceforward was for ever onward,—the Printing Press, gathering the rich jewels, the treasures of thought, of intellect, and of genius, and pouring them on its pathway, to guide and illumine its splendid destiny.

The down-trodden millions of Europe are as yet only in the first stage of progression. Their gigantic efforts have not yet succeeded in breaking the manacles that bow down their energies. But they have accomplished much. Their rights, once despised, are now respected. They have manifested their power, for the Pope has been dethroned, and the august seat of Charlemagne is vacant, and without a crown.

Foremost among the agencies which the progress and improvement of the present age have produced, stands the influence of the Periodical Press. This is peculiarly the work of our own time, and of our own progressive Anglo-Saxon race. It comes not from the dim regions of far antiquity, venerable with the wisdom of ages, and glorious with the bright associations of classic lore. We claim it as the birthright of modern civilization—as the last crowning glory of our prolific and progressive age. It is our own, and well may we exult in its possession, and point with pride to its omnipotent influence and its most wonderful results. Like all mighty creations, either in nature or art, its origin was humble, and its growth slow and gradual. Its advent was connected with events, and cheered by auspices, of which you, Ladies, and your sex throughout Christendom, have just cause to feel proud. The most glorious period in the long line of brilliant events that have distinguished the reign of England's virgin Queen, gave birth to this favored child of Printing—the all-potent and efficient NEWSPAPER.

Called into existence at a critical period in the history of England—when the integrity of the nation was jeopardized by the most gigantic naval combination that the history of the world had then presented—when terror and alarm had reached all classes of society—this first little Newspaper, the "*English Mercurie*," the pioneer of its class, exerted the desired influence, and produced the effect which Elizabeth designed in its establishment. As its encouraging bulletins spread to the remotest corners of the island, quiet was restored to her people; the alarm which the approach of the mighty *Armada* had engendered, soon subsided; and with the complete annihilation of this formidable force, all necessity for the Newspaper seemed at an end. But its advantages had been seen—its utility felt; and the public mind would not willingly dispense with an agency so potent for good, and so general in its influence.

Little did Elizabeth think, when she caused this herald of good tidings to be sent among her people, that it would become the forerunner of a class as numerous as the sands of her sea-girt Isle; and the influence of which was destined soon to spread to the four quarters of the globe, and ultimately to become co-extensive with the mind of man.

Two hundred years witnessed its slow but maturing growth, struggling with the prejudices of religious, and the undisguised opposition of political power. While the printers of books were made the signal recipients of royal bounty, and were distinguished by the favors of emperors, kings, and popes, the editors and printers of Newspapers, in every country and under all governments, were continually subjected to the punishments and persecutions of those in power. All the engines of despotic and corrupt rulers were put in motion to stifle the free expression of men's thoughts. Ex-purgatory enactments, the confiscation of property, and even death, were called into requisition, to cramp the energies

of the rising Press. But the impetus had been given; the death-knell of national ignorance and religious bigotry had been sounded; and with the increasing enterprise of the commercial world, the diffusion of printed books, and the discussion of religious creeds, the progress of the Newspaper Press was steadily and rapidly onward.

Although few in number, and feeble in influence, the dawn of the present century found the Newspaper Press in a position where its power for usefulness was every where felt. The discussion of political measures, and of the acts of men in power, had been attempted to a limited extent. In England, the right of the Press to animadvert upon the acts of the reigning powers, was carefully watched, and its exercise too frequently punished. Men were beginning to feel the truth of Sheridan's words: "Give me a tyrant King—give me a hostile House of Lords—give me a corrupt House of Commons—*give me the Press, and I will overthrow them all!*"

The Church, wielding a power that had brought monarchs in suppliance at her footstool, had interposed all the appliances of bigotry and prejudice to stifle the spirit of free discussion which breathed from every column of the Press: but vain were all her efforts. The power of the Throne, invoking to its aid the majesty of law, and the efficacy of prison, persecution, and a stringent code of libel, proved equally impotent to shackle or restrain the advancing influence of the Press.

And now, emerging from the fires of persecution, not unscathed, but still powerful to accomplish its heaven-sent mission, it soon became one of the controlling influences of the age, and at the present day forms a necessary element in the political composition of every civilized nation of the world.

But, Ladies and Gentlemen, while the freedom of the

Press has found eloquent and untiring champions in other countries, it has been reserved, in a peculiar manner, for our own country, to bring the Periodical Press to its present gratifying state of development. True, we are but co-laborers with the friends of freedom throughout Christendom, in the work of extending its benign influence : but no country or clime on earth presents to the view of man, the glorious spectacle of a Free Press exerting a moral influence *greater* than that of any civil or political power known to the constitution or the laws. In England, the perfection of this influence was the work of long years ; with us, it is the work of the present generation. When he whose name has become inseparably identified with our vocation, commenced his career as the conductor of a public journal, and asserted the inherent right of the Press to discuss the acts of public men, his course was denounced as an encroachment upon the rights of rulers that must not be tolerated. The whole proprietary influence of the province of Pennsylvania was enlisted to check the spirit of free discussion that threatened soon to become contagious. But the strong will that

“Tamed the lightnings which his hand had quelled,”

was found able to vindicate the inalienable right for which he contended ; and ere the close of his lengthened career, he beheld the Liberty of the Press, in common with the liberty of his country, another devoted object of his life, placed upon a secure and firm foundation.

Since his day, its power has vastly increased, its influence has become appreciated, and its efficiency greatly augmented. Less than half a century has wrought the wonderful change ; a single generation has witnessed its almost perfect development. It has sprung, like Minerva, full-formed from the head of the youthful Jupiter of nations. And our fathers,

just passing from the scene of action, are bequeathing to us this proud heritage of intelligent freemen. As the venerable father, tendering his beloved at the bridal altar, gives his parting injunction to watch and cherish her as a life-treasure, so they, the founders of the Republic, and the fathers of a Republican Press, are conferring upon us the precious boon for which they struggled through years of hatred and obloquy—and which, in the councils of inscrutable wisdom, has been ordained to become the bulwark of Freedom throughout the habitable globe.

It were needless, Gentlemen of the Typographical Society, to point out to *you*, whose lives have been identified with the “Art, of all arts preservative,” the many and invaluable additions which the mechanism of Printing has received from the artistic skill and inventive genius of our countrymen. While we consider this a source of pride, we desire not to make it a subject of vain boasting. At this very hour, one known to many of you is spreading an invention through Europe, which has unquestionably brought to perfection those improvements which have wrought such a wonderful revolution in Newspaper Printing during the present age—an invention which has placed the Daily Newspaper of our country in the front rank of newspapers throughout the entire realm of civilization. The movable types of Faust have become the revolving types of Hoe; and with the tireless genius of our land to support and appreciate an enterprising Press, and the prescient skill of our Morse to flash intelligence through its columns quicker than thought, and in advance of time, what may we not anticipate from the rapidly approaching consummation of its influence?

But not alone in the Newspaper department of our Art, has the enterprise and skill of which we speak been so signally manifested. The mechanism of Book Printing has fully kept pace with that of the Newspaper. Hundreds are

present on this occasion who can bear ample testimony to the precision, dispatch, and perfection which the improvements of our countrymen have accomplished in this, the most important portion of our high calling.

The perfection of Book Printing is the work of a comparatively modern date. Singular as the truth may seem, the productions of the Press, during the first fifty years following the invention of the Art, bear, in typographical appearance, a favorable comparison with the best specimens produced for three hundred years thereafter. Like the acknowledged and well-defined liberty of the Periodical Press, the beauty and perfection of Books at the present day are the result of the attention and exertions of the last half century. The twenty years immediately subsequent to the discovery of the Art, witnessed the republication, by the then rude and unwieldy Press, of all the Poetry and Classics of antiquity, till then hoarded, with a sacred reverence for which the scholar of the present day should and does feel truly grateful, in the numberless monasteries throughout Europe.

This, with other facts of a corresponding nature, show that the benefits which the Press was destined to confer upon mankind were duly appreciated while the Art was yet in its infancy; and fully support the remark of an intelligent writer, that "the era which gave birth to Printing was peculiarly opportune: had it been earlier, it would not have been appreciated—had it been much later, the remains of classic learning would probably have disappeared in the convulsions that agitated Europe."

This era had dawned upon the world, and the Art had made rapid strides in usefulness, long ere the existence of this Western Continent was known to man. But now, in that New World, which then existed only in the wild fancies of some daring mind, this glorious Art shines forth in all its power and brilliancy. The Queen City of the Western

Empire, containing the hoarded glory and learning of the Roman name, fell to the Saracens at a period coincident with the invention of Printing, and her splendid Libraries disappeared before the barbaric rule of her invaders :—an American citizen, and he but one of hundreds, now scatters yearly, throughout the myriad schools of our land, more volumes and more knowledge than were contained in *all* the Libraries of Constantinople in her palmiest days !*

What would have been the feelings of the learned Cicero, who himself tells us that he treasured the earnings of a life of toil to purchase the library of his friend Tacitus, could he have witnessed, issuing from the press of our friend—with whose name you are all familiar—issuing *in one day* Books sufficient to make twenty such libraries as the historian possessed.

What, too, would be the feelings of all the hoary and venerable fathers—the Poets, the Orators, the Philosophers of by-gone ages, could they, leaving their sepulchral homes, stand in our midst this night, and behold men who, in a single year, have given to their countrymen and the world a greater amount of books, of volumes, of knowledge, than were contained in all the combined libraries of antiquity, from the time of the Egyptian kings to the days of Faust !†

Look, too, for a moment, at the extent of our Newspaper Press. Twenty years ago, with a population of twelve millions, there were more Newspapers printed and read in the United States, than the whole of Europe possessed, with

* The Libraries of Constantinople, at the period of her fall, contained some 300,000 volumes. During 1849, the single house of A. S. Barnes & Co., of New-York, issued as many volumes—90 per cent. of which were school and mathematical works.

† The house of Harper & Brothers, of New-York, issue at the present time, over *three millions of volumes* every year ! For the last ten years they have issued annually an average of two and a half millions of volumes.

a population numbering more than two hundred millions of souls.

Such, Ladies and Gentlemen, is our Free Press—the “glory of a free country.” We prize it as our heart’s blood. The sun shines not on the power that can shake it from its firm foundations. Like the everlasting granite hills of our eastern shores, it stands impregnable to the assaults of enemies from without, and immovable to the more insidious attacks of enemies from within. Based upon the rock of the Constitution, even the power that so ordained it were impotent to demolish it: but now, being planted upon the firmer rock of an intelligent, virtuous and thinking people, the mind of man knows no agency, earth no power, that can endanger its existence, or restrict its influence!

We have thus endeavored, Ladies and Gentlemen, to present a condensed idea of the character, influence, and importance of the American Press. The task, we feel, has been but feebly and imperfectly performed. A theme so vast may well engage the attention of the most profound thinker. To its proper consideration your speaker would not aspire; and he therefore willingly leaves it for abler hands. But, in viewing the present and prospective influence of the Press, the mind naturally reverts to the concomitant greatness and prosperity of our country. Toward that favored clime the eyes of unnumbered millions are now turning; and not a prow cleaves nor a sail whitens the waters of the broad Atlantic, but bears to this western home of Freedom hearts that can never prove recreant to her cause. Like the faithful Mussulman, their fondest desire is once at least to visit the Mecca of their political hopes, and scan, with an elated vision, the last abiding-place of all that is dear to Liberty on earth. It is there, then, that we behold our country. On a high mental and moral elevation, firmly based upon the

everlasting foundations of an educated people and an intelligent public mind, she stands proudly conspicuous in the van of the nations—a beacon-light to the oppressed millions of mankind. Her giant arms span the landmarks of two mighty oceans. With one hand she stands ready to pour the riches and the treasures of the East, into the lap of civilization just springing into a glorious existence in the West ;—the other, outstretched with a mighty and an august power, to protect the rights, the interests, and the glory of her children. Upon her brow, radiant with the light of civilization, and glowing in the consciousness of a sublime public policy, you behold no laurels such as adorned Earth's mistress, all-mighty Rome, when she held the sceptre of universal power. The glory that encircles her is not the glare of the battle-field, the pride of the chieftain, nor the splendor of military achievements. Neither is it the glory of antiquity—of a thousand years of splendid rule—of conquests in every land and on every sea. No ! it is far nobler, far brighter than all these. Her youth is the manhood and the prime of other nations. Her arteries are full of the life-blood of national health—for they have not been drained in useless conquests, that waste alike the blood and the treasures of a people. Her splendor is of her own creation. It is the energy and the intellectual might of her people, that have reared the majestic temple that attracts the admiration of the world.

Here, no class withers under the ban of exclusion. Here, you can point to no career that is not open to the ambition of the penniless boy equally with that of the most favored child of wealth and fortune—to no position to which the humblest may not aspire. Wealth alone gives not rank ; and distinction is the reward of merit, and of unceasing and untiring exertions.

Look around you ;—no insignias of rank, nor emblems of power strike your vision ; no empty titles, nor orders, 111ivi-

leged to fatten upon and consume the strength of our people. The pride of industry, the vigor of enterprise, and the dignity of labor, have an existence in our midst. The smiles of the same heaven light upon us all; the blessings of the same land are bequeathed to us all; the same Star Spangled Banner is the pride of us all; and free as the winds that flutter in its folds, are every man's desires and every man's ambition.

Our country at this time presents a most gratifying spectacle to the world. Hither are flocking the refugees of all nations. The Patriot, whose uplifted arm has been struck down by the iron rod of despotism, while striking manfully for the rights and liberties of his native land, finds here a secure asylum, where he can offer, undisturbed, a pure worship at the shrine of Freedom. The poor peasant, whose home has been invaded by the emissary of power, his offspring ruthlessly taken to fill the armies of the tyrant, and whose substance has been snatched from him to enrich his lord, finds here, within our vast borders, ample room to build his cottage and his home; whilst industry and economy provide abundant means to convert that cottage to a palace—give the blessings of education to his children—and place within their reach a proud distinction in the walks of life. Yes, let them come! Westward, along the track of the sun, lie stretched almost illimitable lands, where new empires are yet to be founded, and where new temples are yet to be reared and dedicated to Liberty and Religion.

Contemplate the transcendent view that opens to our gaze! Across that broad continent, the favored home of a free Press and a virtuous people, mighty and magnificent rivers irrigate and fertilize the soil;—great lakes, vast inland seas—which will become yet the means of intercommunication between great and powerful States;—mountains of unsurpassed sublimity and grandeur stand like sentinels of

Freedom, proudly bidding defiance to the storms that lash the surges of the Pacific ! And if, in the changes and mutations of human society, Europe should feel, pressing upon her borders, the nomadic hordes that traverse the vast steppes from the confines of China to the waters of the Euxine, and should they succeed in passing the boundaries of civilization, and revive the dark memories of the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun, a thousand fleets would waft across the waters to this favored and benignant land, the arts, the arms, the civilization of Europe, here to revive and flourish, and surpass the brilliant glories of Italy and Greece.

Address.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

The ancient Egyptians had a custom of seating at their feasts the robed skeleton of some departed friend, whose stern silence contrasted strikingly with the mirth and hilarity of his living companions. I believe scholars are not agreed as to the purpose and meaning of this strange custom—whether the rigid, silent guests were intended to say to the festal throng, “Enjoy and revel while you may, for Time flies, Man perishes; in a few years all is dust, is nothing—therefore, make haste to quaff the wine while it sparkles, to seize pleasure while the capacity of enjoyment remains to you;” or rather to impress the opposite sentiment—“Life is short; Life is earnest; stupendous consequences hang suspended on your use or abuse of the speck of time allotted you; therefore, be temperate in your indulgence, moderate in your festive mirth, and, seeing in what I am what you soon must be, consider and beware!” I shall not of course pretend to decide this grave question, though I shall assume for the occasion that the latter is the true rendering; and, in accordance with the elemental idea, I venture to assume among you to-night the functions of the Egyptian’s silent monitor; and while others stir you with lofty eloquence, or charm you with dulcet flatteries—with pictures of the grand achievements of

our Art in the past and its brilliant prospects for the future, I shall speak to you frankly of our deficiencies, our failings, and the urgent demands upon us for new and more arduous exertions in yet unrecognized fields of duty.

It is now some four centuries since the discovery or invention of our Art, fully three since our continent began to be the home of civilized men, and more than two since the Pilgrim fugitives first landed on Plymouth Rock. Since that landing, and even within the last century, what amazing strides have been made in the diffusion of Knowledge and the perfection of the implements and processes of Industry—in the efficiency of Human Labor, and the facilitation of intercourse between country and country, clime and clime! The steam-engine, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom; the canal, steam-ship, power-press, railroad and lightning-telegraph—these, in their present perfection and efficiency, are a few of the trophies of human genius and labor within even the last century.

But while Labor has thus doubled and quadrupled its own efficacy in the production of whatever is needful to the physical sustenance, intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of Man, I do not find that there has been a corresponding melioration in the condition of the Laborer. That there has been some improvement I do not deny; but has it been at all commensurate with the general progress of our race in whatever pertains to physical convenience or comfort? I think not; and I could not help pondering this matter even while our orator's silvery tones were delighting our ears with poetical descriptions of the wonders which Science and Invention have achieved and are achieving. I could not help considering that while Labor builds far more sumptuous mansions in our day than of old, furnishing them far more gorgeously and luxuriously, the laborer who builds those mansions lives oftenest in a squalid lodging than which the builders of palaces in the fifteenth century can hardly have

dwelt in more wretched ; and that while the demands for labor, the uses of labor, the efficiency of labor, are multiplied and extended on every side by the rush of invention and the growth of luxury around us, yet in this middle of the Nineteenth Century (call it last year of the first half or the first year of the last half as you please) Labor is a drug in the market—that the temperate, efficient, upright Worker often finds the comfortable maintenance and proper education of his children beyond his ability—and that, in this thriving Commercial Emporium of the New World, this trophy and pride of Christian Civilization—there are at this day not less than Forty Thousand human beings anxious to earn the bread of honest industry, but vainly seeking, and painfully, despairingly awaiting opportunity for so doing. This last is the feature of our condition which seems to me most important and commanding ; and it is to this, on occasions like the present, and in listening to such orations as that which has just delighted us, that my thoughts are irresistibly turned.

What can be the reason of this ? Why is it that these Forty Thousand strong-handed, willing Workers stand here thus fixed, enchained, in loathed, despairing idleness ? Why are they compelled to wear out our pavements in hurrying hither and thither in anxious, heart-sick quest of something to do ? with downcast looks and trembling voice beseeching some fellow-man to give them leave to labor for their bread ? I trust no one here gives any heed to the mumbling of self-styled Political Economists about “Over-Production” and the kindred phrases with which counsel is darkened. “Over-Production”—of what ? Where ? Can there be over-production of Food, when so many, even in our midst, are suffering the pangs of famine ? “Over-Production” of Clothing and Fabrics, while our streets swarm with men, women, and children, who are not half-clad, and who shiver through the night beneath the clothing they have worn by day ? “Over-

Production" of Dwellings, when not half the families of our city have adequate and comfortable habitations, not to speak of that large class whose lodgings are utterly incompatible with decency and morality? No, friends! there is no "Over-Production" save of articles pernicious and poisonous, like Alcoholic Liquors, Lewd Books, Implements of Gaming, &c. Of whatever conduces to human sustenance, comfort, or true education, there is not and never has been too much produced, although, owing to imperfect and vicious arrangements for Distribution, there may often be a glut in the warehouses of Trade, while thousands greatly need and would gladly purchase if they could. What the world eminently requires is some wise adjustment, some remodelling of the Social machinery, diminishing its friction, whereby *every person willing to work shall assuredly have work to do, and the just reward of that work in the articles most essential to his sustenance and comfort.* It may be that there is indeed a surplus of that particular product which some man's labor could most skilfully or rapidly produce—Pianos, Watches, or Gauzes, for example—and therefore it may be advisable to intermit for a season the production of these—yet the skill, the faculty, the muscular energy required in that particular department of production, might nevertheless be made available, even though in a subordinate degree, in the fabrication of some kindred product for which there *is* a demand among the general mass of consumers. I maintain, then, that in our day no man should be compelled to stand idle or wander vainly in search of employment, even though that particular calling for which he is best fitted has now no place for him, but that the palpable self-interest of the community should prescribe the creation of some social Providence expressly to take care that no man, woman, or child, shall ever stand uselessly idle when willing and anxious to work. Even the most injudicious application of the labor

now wasted through lack of opportunity could not fail to increase the National Wealth to the extent of millions on millions per annum, while its effect on the condition of the Laboring Class, in preserving them from temptation, dissipation, and crime, would be incalculably beneficent.

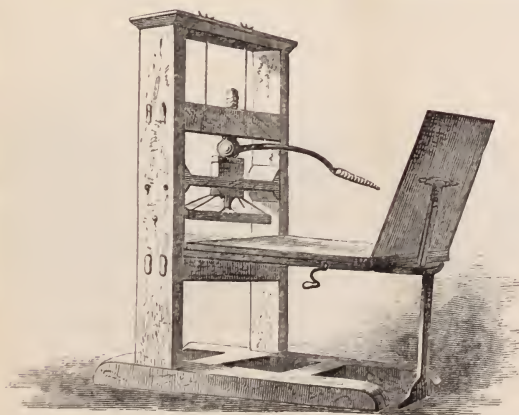
—Now what I stand here to complain of is the indifference and inattention of the Laboring Mass, and especially of those entitled to a leading position in it, like the Printers, to the discussion of truths so grand and so fruitful as the Right to Labor. It is more discussed, more pondered, to-day, by Merchants, Capitalists, Scholars, and men who are called Aristocrats, than by the mass of those who earn their living by the sweat of the face. It is now eighteen years since I came to this city a journeyman printer, during which years I have been intimately connected with our craft in one capacity or another, and yet I have never heard of a meeting of Printers to consider and discuss the Rights generally of Labor, the causes of its depression, the means of its advancement. During these eighteen years there have been hard times and good times, so called; seasons of activity and seasons of depression—in the course of which the country has been ‘saved,’ I forget how often—our city has doubled in population and more than doubled in wealth—and yet the Laboring Class *as* a Class is just where it was when I came here, or, if any thing, in a worse condition, as the increased valuation of Property has caused advance in Rents and in some other necessities of life. Individuals have risen *out* of the Laboring Class, becoming buyers of Labor and sellers of its Products, and grown rich thereby; but the condition of the Laboring Class, as such, has not improved, and I think is less favorable than it was twenty years ago. Why should it not investigate, determine and develop the causes of this? Why not consider the practicability of securing Work and Houses to all willing to work for them? Can we imagine that improvement is to

come without effort or even inquiry? Is it the order of Nature or of Providence that it should? Do blessings come to other classes without foresight or calculation? I have heard complaints that Machinery and Invention do not work *for* the Laboring Class, but rather against them. Concede the assumption, and is not the inquiry a fair one, What has the Laboring Class ever done to *make* Machinery work in its favor? When has it planned, or sought, or calculated to render Machinery its ally and aid rather than its enemy and oppressor?

I am here to-night to tell you that you, and our Trade, and the Laboring Class of our City, have been glaringly unfaithful in this respect to yourselves, your posterity, and your Race, and that the Workers of Paris, for example, are in advance of their brethren here in knowledge of and devotion to the interests and rights of Labor. And I am here not to find fault merely, but to exhort you to awake from your apathy and heed the summons of Duty.

I stand here, friends, to urge that a new leaf be now turned over—that the Laboring Class, instead of idly and blindly waiting for better circumstances and better times, shall begin at once to consider and discuss the means of controlling circumstances and commanding times, by study, calculation, foresight, union. We have heard to-night of a Union of Printers and a Printers' Library, for which latter one generous donation has been proffered. I have little faith in giving as a remedy for the woes of mankind, and not much in any effort for the elevation or improvement of any one section of Producers of Wealth in our City. What I would suggest would be the Union and Organization of all Workers for their mutual improvement and benefit, leading to the erection of a spacious edifice at some central point in our City to form a LABORERS' EXCHANGE, just as Commerce now has its Exchange, very properly. Let the new Exchange

be erected and owned as a joint-stock property, paying a fair dividend to those whose money erected it; let it contain the best spacious Hall for General Meetings to be found in our City, with smaller Lecture-Rooms for the meetings of particular sections or callings—all to be leased or rented at fair prices to all who may choose to hire them, when not needed for the primary purpose of discussing and advancing the interests of Labor. Let us have here books opened, wherein any one wanting work may inscribe his name, residence, capacities and terms, while any one wishing to hire may do likewise, as well as meet personally those seeking employment. These are but hints toward a few of the uses which such a Labor Exchange might subserve, while its Reading-Room and Library, easily formed and replenished, should be opened freely and gladly to all. Such an edifice, rightly planned and constructed, might become, and I confidently hope would become, a most important instrumentality in the great work of advancing the Laboring Class in comfort, intelligence and independence. I trust we need not long await its erection.



FRANKLIN'S PRESS.

Closing Ode.

BY FRANKLIN J. OTTERSON.

SONS of Faust! speed the Press, till its truth-lighted rays,
That consume but to bless, shall dissolve in their blaze
Ev'ry fetter that chains, in the thought or the deed,
To the Tyrant with crown, or the Tyrant with creed!

Sons of Faust! speed the Press, till the Errors of old,
That are shrouding the Soul in their fallacies cold,
Shall fade like the night-mist when daylight appears,
And Man shall arise from the thralldom of years!

For though Despots and Bigots prevail for an hour,
And the Press seem to yield to the triumph of power,
While they tread in their pride on the corse of their foe
The Etna of Vengeance is seething below!

It shall break like the Earthquake, and none may withstand;
It shall sweep like the Whirwind, from land unto land;
It shall flash in the Lightning, from centre to pole;
It shall rend ev'ry shackle from limb and from soul.

Hail to thee, Light-bringer! God speed the Press!
God speed the Day-dawn that sees no distress!
When the fulness of Freedom to all shall be given—
Not a chain on the Mind—not a throne under Heaven!



Yours very cordially,
Geo. P. Morris.

The Supper.

AFTER the Literary Exercises were concluded, and the Public Meeting adjourned, the Company retired to the Assembly Room and Saloons, while preparations were making for the Supper. When the Officers and Invited Guests had taken their appointed places, the bugle was sounded, and between five and six hundred Ladies and Gentlemen entered the Supper Room, and remained standing, until after a blessing was invoked by the Rev. JOSEPH LONGKING. The Supper, prepared under the supervision of Mr. Niblo, was all that could be desired, and gave complete satisfaction. Upon its conclusion, the President of the Society announced that the festive ceremonies would now commence; and that Gen. ADONIRAM CHANDLER would preside, assisted by Gen. Geo. P. Morris, Major James Conner, George Bruce, Esq., George F. Nesbitt, Esq., Fletcher Harper, Esq., John L. Jewett, Esq., and David H. Reins, Esq.

Gen. CHANDLER introduced the Toasts with the following remarks:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I find myself occupying a position to-night, through the partiality of my friends of the Typographical Society, which I did not anticipate. It has been my good fortune to be present on many occasions of festivity, during the last forty years, with my typographical brethren, none of which presented a scene like this. I have always been delighted in the pursuit of an art, into which I was cast by fortune at a very early period of my life. When I review the changes it has undergone, the improvements which have advanced, and with it the great interests of mankind; the disinterested kindness, and generous aspirations of my early associates in the art, now all, or nearly all departed; I am sometimes awakened from a reverie, in which fancy is wont to place me, as being quite alone and almost forgotten. We must be reconciled, however, knowing that

change is the inevitable consequence of man's earthly existence. I hold in my hand the first printed record of this Society, dated forty years ago. To it is appended a list of all its members, at that time numbering ninety-nine; with all of whom I was on terms of intimate acquaintance. Of this number, as near as I can ascertain, thirteen only are among the living. It was my expectation to have met some of this remnant here to-night, and in this I am not altogether disappointed. It may be inferred that this exhibit does not augur favorably for the longevity of our craft; nevertheless, there is nothing in the practice or pursuit of the art of printing which is calculated to abridge the duration of human life, save and except the culpable ignorance and gross neglect of the importance of, and necessity for, *proper ventilation*. Our Printing Offices ever have been, and still continue to be, most shamefully neglected in this particular. I would enlarge upon this subject, but there is so much remaining to be done before we can enter upon that part of the ceremonies of the evening, so joyous and healthful to our young friends, that I must refrain. I will say, however, that it is my deliberate opinion, after an experience and observation of half a century, full a moiety of the cases of pulmonary consumption, which consigns to the grave its annual thousands of our most promising youth, may fairly be attributed to this fatal neglect; not in our profession particularly, but in most of the professions of art and industry. The habitations of the poor, and the rich also, and stranger still, those who inhabit the open country and till the soil, are badly contrived, badly ventilated, and kept during the winter at too high a temperature for the healthy action of the respiratory organs; hence the seeds of premature decay. I would say to my typographical friends, whose calling necessarily places them much within the influence of this horrible vortex, improve every opportunity that presents itself for free exercise in the open air, studiously avoiding sudden changes of temperature, and every excess.

I would now ask the company to be in order for the first regular toast.

I. THE MEMORY OF FRANKLIN. [*Dirge.*]

This was received in silence, the company standing while the *Dirge* was played.

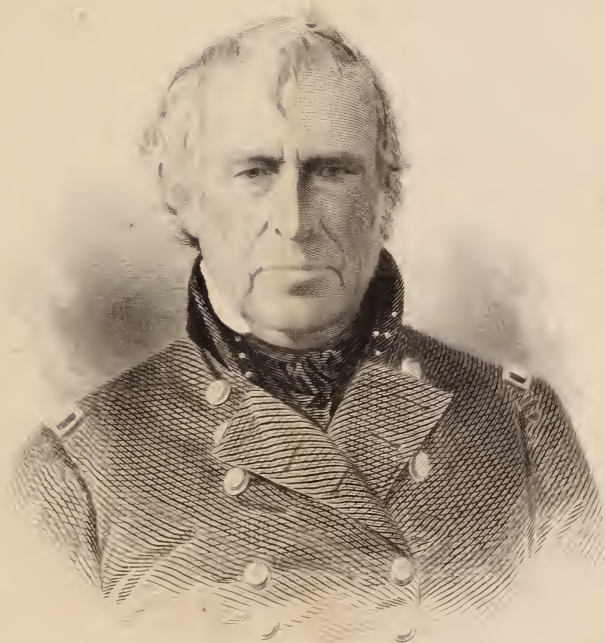
II. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Music—Hail Columbia.

III. AUTHORS AND EDITORS, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.—Personsifiers and promulgators of public opinion—may they ever keep pure the founts from which the people drink.

Upon the announcement of this sentiment, Mr. JOHN KEESE being loudly called for, rose, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President :—I feel more than my usual diffidence in rising to respond to a sentiment in honor of the publishing fraternity; more particularly as I see around me so many illustrious citizens of the Republic of Letters, who could with more propriety be called upon to address you. It was a saying, I believe of Chesterfield, "that he had made more friends during his life by



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a proper silence than he had by opening his mouth ;” and when I see so many Publishers around me, “ primed and cocked ” for a speech, I feel that I shall secure the firm friendship of every one of them by remaining quiet in my seat ; and yet, Mr. President, as I have not unfrequently (in my capacity as *Auctioneer for the city and county of New-York*) knocked down many a famous Author for a *song*, I certainly feel competent on this occasion to knock down any of these distinguished Publishers for a *speech*.

Mr. President ; I am but an *Auctioneer* of other men’s ideas ; it is my vocation to fan the winds of trade, and the more *Trade winds* the better, for they bring *grist* to a mill—*wind-mill* I should say, where I nightly *grind* for the benefit of an intelligent and discriminating audience. I trust none of my friends of the trade will ever be so unfortunate as to place themselves unreservedly in my hands ; but should they do so, they may depend upon the tenderest *blows* from my hammer on one side of the street, and I may also say the most gentle of *BANGS* on the other.

Mr. President ; we are assembled to celebrate the *day* of Franklin’s birth, and we intend also to “ make a *night* of it ; ” and I feel that it is peculiarly appropriate that the Printers should most enthusiastically welcome the advent of that illustrious sage, who snatched the sword from the hand of the powerful to convert it into a staff for the protection of the people. Believe me, for his sake, and certainly for your own, I venerate the men of *types* ; may their “ *shadows* never be less,” and may their *substance* be materially increased.

But to keep to the record, Mr. President. It is here suggested to me, what have our Printers and Publishers done to elicit the literary talent of our countrymen ? what can each member of the trade do to foster and reward intellectual exertion ? Sir, we have all done much ; we can all do more. I am the organ of your sentiments, sir, and those of my brethren of the trade, when I say that we deem it to be our true interest liberally to extend to American authors—aye, and the Authors of every land—those solid and substantial advantages for the want of which in a previous age so many of the literary men of Europe died in penury and neglect—men of whose intellectual labors the Bookseller and Printer will for all time continue to reap the rich reward. Mr. President, such is not the estimation in which we desire to hold the sons of genius in our day : we are unwilling to leave their recompense to *Prince Posterity*, and his posthumous patronage. And I see from the well filled tables before me, that all sensible members of our fraternity think with the sage, that the “ good things of this world were not intended for fools alone.” Mr. President, it is a well known fact, that the Publishers in our principal cities have justly and munificently appreciated the intellect of our land, and her sons have shared largely with the Booksellers in the profits derived from their literary labors. The historical and creative genius of one who is not inaptly termed our “ Pioneer of Mind ; ” the Commentaries of our American Blackstone, whose ermine was as pure as his life was perfect ; the splendid sketches of our own particular son, who, greeted with the incense of

foreign praise, brought back to us a heart untravelled, and a love for home, and whose genius has been so recently illustrated by the combined taste of a Putnam and a Darley—together with the works of gifted minds in every department of science, poetry, and fiction—all attest the liberality and enterprise of American Publishers.

We desire still farther to explore the mine where mental ore lies buried, to awaken slumbering genius, and to call into active energy the dormant faculties and shrinking talent of our young and much loved land. Why sleeps the muse of Drake's twin-brother bard? Why comes not he forth with fairy wand to silence the scribblers of the day? Who among us would not esteem it a high honor to be his publisher, and to issue his beautiful creations in a guise as beautiful as the taste of our best artisans can exhibit? But we dare not presume,—the world impatient waits.

Mr. President, when we survey the geographical position of these United States—when we see our vast country bounded by no diversity of dialect, but all its borders teeming with a reading community—we discover a wide field for the transmission of our country's literature. No nation on the face of the earth displays such peculiar advantages for the circulation and consumption of intellectual produce; the literature of Great Britain must cross the broad Atlantic ere it finds a language like its own; on every other side of her sea-girt isle does she discover a diversity of dialect and less liberal institutions; but in our land the extension of one Anglo-Saxon tongue, from the white hills of New England to the orange groves of Florida, affords to the enterprise of our publishers a wide encouragement to speed onward the march of mind. Such facilities does our land offer for the conveyance of her current literature, that a work issued from the press in New-York, in thirty days finds readers in California, and the productions of the brain are received warm from the artist's hands in every part of our Union. We, then, Mr. President, Printers, Publishers, Booksellers, *Auctioneers*, are the honored channels through which the pure element of American intellect flows to all parts of our Republic; and may that mighty engine, the American Press, never transmit aught that may compromise our country's honor, or impair American freedom; and when I see the earnest and intelligent faces before me, I feel satisfied that the business which has been illustrated by a Didot, a Caxton, and a Franklin, will never degenerate. Allow me, Mr. President and Gentlemen, to offer as a sentiment—

PRINTING—The only *Black Art* which elevates man to a superior order of intelligence, and whose magic creates and destroys fairy palaces of thought.

IV. AMERICAN LITERATURE.—

With the vigor of Manhood,
And the freshness of Youth,
'Tis the offspring of Freedom—
The champion of Truth.

Mr. BEN. PERLEY POORE, of the Boston Bee, responded to this toast, but the committee regret not having been able to obtain a full report of his

remarks, and can therefore give only an imperfect synopsis of them. He said he had not expected to address the meeting; he thought that the PAPER was about full. First of all, we had the President's Message, a very able affair; then a leader from Mr. Harrison; and afterwards, the Congressional report of Mr. Greeley; he thought there would be nothing for him to do—especially as he was but a SUB, and replying to a speech in the room of another man; in fact, he could not say that he knew much about American Literature; but if he had not much to say that would instruct on the subject of the toast, he might be permitted to make some observations that would, perhaps, more particularly interest the printers of New-York. Mr. Poor then referred to the Boston Printers' Union, which he said was in a very flourishing condition, and explained the late strike in Boston. It was not true that the journeymen had struck on a sudden. For a whole year they had endured the hardships of low wages—journeymen on weekly papers making but \$6, and on daily papers, for night and day work, but \$9 per week. The conduct of the printers during the late struggle was most honorable, and he thanked the New-York printers for their sympathy with their Boston brethren, and concluded with the following sentiment:

JOURNEYMEN PRINTERS AND EMPLOYERS—The Craftsmen and Patrons of the olden time—Like upper and lower-case letters, dependent upon one another.—May they be so *distributed* as never to get *out of sorts*, and then we shall see the *forms* of Printing always right.

V. OUR LITERARY INSTITUTIONS.—Founded by the wisdom of our forefathers, and sustained by their children, may they ever prove citadels of virtue and freedom.

Music.

VI. THE PROFESSIONS AND THE ARTS.—Indebted to the “art preservative,” not only for their growth and permanency, but also for some of the brightest names which have adorned their ranks.

The President introduced the Hon. Judge EDMONDS, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President :—In replying to this sentiment, I trust that I shall be held acquitted of the presumption of appropriating to myself any more of it than so much as acknowledges the indebtedness of the profession to which I belong, for its growth and permanency, to the “Art Preservative;” for of no profession can it be as truly said that,

'Tis to the Press and Pen we surely owe
All that we read, and nearly all we know.

But I claim another reason for replying to it, and that is in behalf of the art also, so that I may be on both sides of the question. For, sir, having spent a great part of my life in advocating only the one side of a question, I have latterly had occasion to learn how much easier and vastly more agreeable the task of considering both sides, and balancing truly and evenly between them. It may be arrogant, perhaps, for me to attempt to speak for

the art, even though faintly; but I cannot forbear to assert my claim as a sort of member of the craft. For be it known to you, sir, that I have in my day, not merely been a newspaper editor, but—marvel not at the vastness of my accomplishments!—I have set types, worked the press, made up a form, and justified my column; nay, performed all the little jobs of a country printing office, from a horse handbill to a weekly sheet—done all the duties from the devil's to the boss editor's, and in a country office they are not far apart; and learned the all-important lesson of following the copy, even if it was out of the second-story window.

All the little jobs, did I say? Nay, there was one that I never could learn. I had no alacrity for it. I could read upside down, but I could not distribute; the confounded types would stick together—unlike Winkle's gun, they wouldn't go off. The lower-case would get into the upper, and *e converso*, until both would get so foul that the next compositor who came along would blast and blow up sky-high the chap who had caused him to make such dirty work. Why this was, I never could divine, unless it was because I was so fond of seeing myself in print that I could not bear to see the instruments of my fancied immortality scattered about in those little graves, waiting for a speedy resurrection for somebody else's thoughts, and least of all, see any of them, when broken down in the service, consigned to that nameless place, made of an old shoe.

Would you believe it, sir, that this evening, contemplating my visit here, I could not resist the temptation of rummaging over my library until I found the little seven-by-nine—small then, but grown to right noble manhood since—which, twenty-five years ago, bore my name on its imprint? May I go further, and produce it here? I know you will forgive the pride which prompts me to do so, and appreciate the feeling which has induced me, under all vicissitudes, to preserve it with so much care. Well do I remember the pride with which, then a mere lad, I first saw my name in print as the Editor of a newspaper; well do I recollect how important to me were the few dollars which it weekly contributed to my support, and how poignant the regret with which, after conducting its columns for years, I severed my connection with it for ever.

I see you smile as you turn its pages over. Yes, you will see there, on the same broadside, what a Caleb Quotem I was; Lawyer, Editor, Pension Agent, and Colonel in the Militia. But never mind, I am neither now, though I cannot readily forget what I once was, and trust in God I never may.

Sir, all this talk about myself, ungraceful though it may be, is not after all, unmitigated egotism. For while I acknowledge the extent of the obligation of my profession to the printer's art—for without it how poorly should I be qualified for the station I now fill, and how completely would the result of my present toils be written in water—this recurrence to the past enables me to admit my personal debt to the art. This connection of mine with the Press

taught me the knowledge of language and the art of composition, now of infinite value to me. It taught me the lesson of self-control, for soon I learned how dangerous it was to put pen to paper in a passion. It taught me to make allowance for the errors of the Press, so that I can now look on with some fortitude, and see myself almost daily made to talk and perpetrate more nonsense than would swamp fifty Solomons. It taught me the primary lesson of thinking before all the world, with the heart wide open to every view—a lesson which I have since had so much occasion to perfect and to practise.

The wise man doth preach to us all,
To despise not the value of things that be small.

For I have seen a little thing, with a nick or two on it, which you could toss from you like a feather on the breeze, nevertheless have power to shake thrones to their very foundations, and to pluck up the rights of man by their drowned locks, from the deepest sea of oppression; and I have seen how among ourselves it has been an instrument of freedom and self-government, for it has enabled us, young though we are in years, yet vast in resources, without interrupting our ordinary avocations, with no want within our borders and the sound of War reaching us only as its echo came from foreign lands, to conquer by our valor one nation into submission, at the same time that we were by our charity saving another from starvation.

Let us not, then, amid our festivities, forget the instrument thus mighty to conquer, thus powerful to save, but pledge me, Mr. President and Gentlemen, while I give you

THE TYPE.—At once the emblem and the instrument of our freedom.

VII. THE PRESS.—The Motive Power of Mind, by which it moves the world: without it genius would be as impotent as the engine without steam.

In response to this Toast, Mr. C. D. STUART, of the New-York Sun, spoke as follows:

Mr. President:—This sentiment is truthful. The Printing Press, with all its appliances and agencies, is the most potent engine for the diffusion of thought ever invented by man. Especially so, in an age like this, when ideas, through the intelligence of the people, are stronger than cannon or bayonets. The press, or the human mind through the press, is the greatest of conquerors. The greatest, because its conquests are universal and permanent. The noblest, too, because its weapons are free thoughts, making war only upon error and wrong.

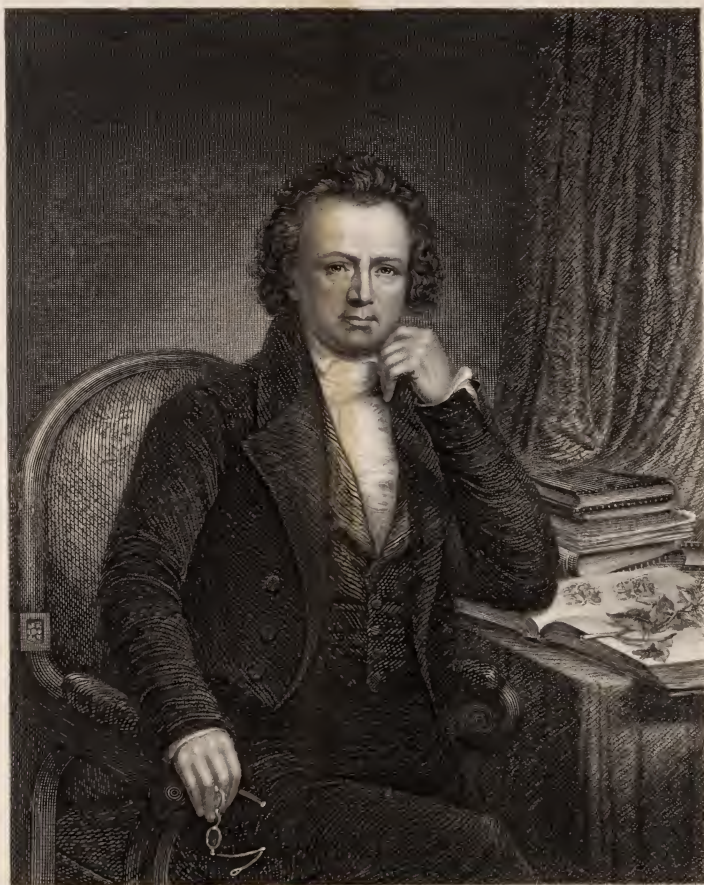
Knowledge is power, and education a cheap defence of nations. The printing press, more than all other arts and circumstances, has, within two centuries past, given the masses of mankind knowledge, and hedged them round with educational defences. But for this press, arts, sciences, commerce, and social and religious progress, would have remained amid the gloom in which the art of printing found them. The potency of the press

can only be appreciated through a close examination of its statistics. To know its power, we must see what it has done. We must learn how it has revolutionized castes, creeds, principalities, and powers; how it has dissipated superstitions, courtly and priestly juggleries, and chased the most venerable errors into night and darkness. When the press appeared in its first rude form, the earth was filled with feudal despotism. The few were hierarchs, kings, and lords; the many were serfs and slaves. Authority, in State and Church, whatever its excesses, was unquestioned by the multitude. It was received as divinely appointed. Knowledge, or the wisdom of science, art, and philosophy, sat veiled in the cloister. The people knew it not; to them it was a mystery.

Less than two hundred and fifty years ago the first newspaper, or bulletin rather, appeared in the English tongue. It was issued by Elizabeth of England, to rouse her people to resist the Spanish Armada. Books had been printed long before, but the press, as a revolutionizer, has done its greatest work with newspapers. Newspapers are the tracts for the people, possessing a present influence which can never with the masses belong to books. Newspapers, and not books, form and guide public opinion, beat down fortresses, and unseat despotisms. Interposing between the people and the follies and vices of society, the errors of legislation and the tyranny of government, they are in this age the great reformers. But England did not originate the idea of a newspaper. That idea belongs to Italy—to Venice. What have two hundred and fifty years done for the conquering newspaper press? To-day, there are close upon five thousand weekly and daily (about five hundred daily) newspapers published in the world. Full half of them are in this hemisphere—in this new world, mostly in the United States. The manuscript knowledge of the age anterior to printing, was accessible to a few thousands; the newspapers of to-day, containing from time to time all the wisdom of books—all useful knowledge—are read daily or weekly, by two hundred millions of people. Nearly the whole civilized world are newspaper readers. The newspaper is published in Asia, Africa, Europe, and the Americas. It is read at the Equator and the Poles. And to the mass who read it, it is the six days' gospel of the week, wielding a power where books are powerless.

Surely, the world is moved by the human mind, through the press. The press is the fulcrum on which the lever of the conqueror, thought, rests; and where is the weight of error or wrong it has not shaken, and cannot overturn? It has palsied the great hierarch. It has shivered the thrones of Cæsar and Charlemagne. The newspaper hurled the bolts which, in our day, have shaken the political and social world. Milton felt the value of the press when he plead for and saved its freedom in England; and, thank God, wherever the English tongue is spoken, the press is untrammelled, save by the judgment of intelligent people. The newspaper press of Anglo-Saxondom is free—free as the air of heaven, to speak for truth and virtue. And for truth and virtue and freedom it must speak, or it cannot live.

The press moves the world, by interfusing the knowledge and ideas of



John W. Francis.

mankind; by making knowledge so cheap that the poorest can drink of it to their fill; by giving voice to their yearnings, their fears, their hopes, their rights; by teaching them that nothing is divine that destroys the peace and happiness of man. O how the press has rung out these lessons in the nineteenth century! Mark what a single press, with all its appliances of type, ink, paper, ideas, hand-labor, steam, and lightning, can do. Take that wonderful invention of Hoe's, on which the New-York Sun is printed. In five hours it throws off more sheets than could be written over by hand by 600,000 rapid writers in the same space of time. One of these sheets, which written over by hand would employ twelve men and cost for the mere writing more than twelve dollars, is sold for one cent. An edition of the Sun is daily read by a quarter of a million of people, giving them knowledge of all transpiring events and wisdoms. Blot that press from existence; blot out the art of printing, and these quarter of a million—nay, 200,000,000—souls would be left in mental darkness. Not one in thousands of that vast multitude could or would seek knowledge, now given them for a penny, if it were left to hand-labor to furnish it. The expense would preclude the possibility of a general diffusion of knowledge. Here rests the glory of the press. Diffusing universally, it has so cheapened knowledge, that no man is too poor to be rich in it. And what art or vocation does it not stimulate? Printing, then, is the mightiest of arts, and the Printing Press the noblest of inventions.

VIII. NEWSPAPERS.—The great focal centres of thought, reflecting and refracting the rays of light; they are bows of promise to the world that it shall never again be sunk in darkness.

The Quartette Club, under the direction of Mr. CAMP, here sung a glee in excellent style.

IX. OUR GUESTS.—Good *copies* by which to be *guided* and *justified*: may the letter-links which connect us never be broken.

This was responded to by Dr. FRANCIS, as follows:

Gentlemen of the New-York Typographical Society:—I address you with no little embarrassment; your courtesy, however, has seen fit to select me as the medium through which to return the thanks of our assembled guests, and I cannot prove indifferent to that generous impulse which has led your Association to invite as co-operators in your Anniversary Celebration, so large and influential a body of distinguished men, from almost every section of the Union, deeply enlisted in the noble cause you labor to advance; the multiplied interests of the typographic art, of literature and literary men, and of humanity, in its broadest acceptance. Yet would I that some one of the cultivated masters of intellectual display had been chosen, the better to do honor to the occasion, and to utter the expressions of our cordial consideration for the gratifying privilege which we this evening have enjoyed, in being participators at that banquet of mental and dietetic luxury, so abundantly furnished this memorable night. Indeed, when I cast my eyes around amid so many

efficient individuals who have glorified the great Art of printing by their respective displays in mechanical invention, by the literary issues of their brain, by their liberality in the promotion of knowledge, and their patronage of American intellect; I fear that I shall be wanting in warmth of expression adequate to the gratitude we all feel in the summons that has occasioned this assemblage. Thus much I feel persuaded, that I announce the truth when I tell you that I give the sentiments of your invited guests in affirming, that they cherish a love of the Art to which you are devoted, by a due appreciation of its vast importance; that they, for countless reasons, wish that health and prosperity may wait upon the disciples of your conservative pursuit, and that the triumphs of the New-York Typographical Society may equal the excellence and beneficence of its disinterested and benevolent designs. One and all offer this oblation on the altar of that laudable institution which bears on its standard the effigy of Franklin, and which holds in such admiration his glorious character.

I cannot permit this occasion to pass by, without an intimation of the deep sense I feel for the special favor you have voluntarily tendered me, by my recent election as a member of your body. The honor was unexpected, and is the more highly estimated, when I reflect upon the individual merits of your fraternity. The distinction is flattering to the character the Typographical Society has formed of the earlier portion of my life, and I think speaks rather well of a long career of laborious services in my professional vocation: at least, such I appreciate it.

In early life I became enamored of the character of Franklin; my parents had taught me to venerate his name; and when a boy of about ten years old, the perusal of his autobiography led me to a love of letters, to a study of his maxims, and finally to engage mechanically in a practical knowledge of the art of printing. I remember well my setting up the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in 1804, the first of any of Scott's Works reprinted in America. It appeared in Longworth's "Belles-Lettres Repository;" and as if coming events cast their shadows before, in the spring and summer of 1805, I put in type nearly every word of Cullen's "First Lines of the Practice of Physic." This edition was printed by Lewis Nichols, and published by Evert Duyckinck, an intelligent and honest bookseller of this city, whose Knickerbocker integrity, and knowledge of good books, were universally appreciated. Some ten years after, I had often recourse to *my* Edition of Cullen to aid me in my Lectures on the *Materia Medica*, and on the Institutes of Medicine, delivered in the University of the State of New-York. You will excuse this digression, by way of parenthesis.

I know the craft to be enthusiastic for the glory of Franklin. It cannot be otherwise: he has stamped it with the impress of his mighty name, and his career of life is associated with the highest trophies of his country's renown, in her conflicts for freedom, in her deliberations on constitutional government, in her unparalleled march in knowledge, in her social characteristics, and in her national greatness. His labors, more than those of any other patriot,

demonstrate how much one life may accomplish in many pursuits: his undivided vigor in whatever he undertook, gave him this supremacy. His political sagacity assigns him a place with the first of statesmen; his philosophical discoveries give him a station in the front rank of original genius, and have bequeathed to mankind the materials for effecting results greater and more beneficial to the human race, than can be found associated with any other individual among the class of mortals. In whatever light we contemplate our Franklin, we cannot but be lost in admiration of his varied knowledge of matter and of mind: his own dexterous faculties were his schoolmaster. Unaided by any instructor, he accumulated knowledge for the guidance of man in the humblest details of practical life; from the cogitations of his own mind he unfolded the stores of wisdom, which have yielded new treasures and new reasonings to enlarge the science of both worlds.

There is another peculiarity which signalizes Franklin. Philosophy is our instructor in the matter. Ponder over the origin and progress of human knowledge. How hard, if not impracticable, is it often to determine who in the history of science was the original discoverer of principles now admitted to be of the surest application, and incontrovertible in their laws! How perplexed on some occasions we become, when striving to determine who was the actual inventor of problems now universally recognized as data from which legitimate science draws for aid! What fierce contentions have at times sprung up on conflicting statements of this character, even among men of the richest culture, and most courteous bearing one towards another! Examples to this effect may be found in all departments of inquiry. How have the mathematicians settled the special services of Newton and of Leibnitz? How acrimonious the medical discussion touching the claims of Servetus and of Harvey! How numerous have been the disquisitions held, how many the volumes published, to deprive the illustrious Swede of his proper merits as the expositor of the sexual system of the vegetable kingdom! What conflicts among the chemists has the gaseous philosophy created, as evinced in their endeavors to settle the merits of priority of discovery! And even in our own day, we have seen how sadly has fared that great benefactor, Fulton, by claimants, some of whom, if not able to deprive him of his glory, have determined that at least his country shall not boast of him as their own, and, with a peculiar felicity, assign him a foreign birth, perchance amidst the high mountains in Wales! Our Franklin stands unmolested by all difficulties and annoyances of this nature. No pretended rival dare approach him in order to detract from his merits, or usurp his renown. The few miserable attempts designed to disturb the simplicity and harmony of his grand Electrical Doctrines, proceeded from sciolists and the pensioners of royal bounty, and are not worthy to be dwelt upon. But as one of our own poets has impressively declared,

“Truth crushed to earth, will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;”

and the laws of the Omnipotent, even when intelligently proclaimed by one of his creatures, will be found inexorable, notwithstanding the little faith that the minions of despotism may choose to place in a republican philosopher. Signally were Franklin's principles, drawn so directly from nature, vindicated in this instance. The blunted rod on the monument reared by national pride to patriotic merit, (I allude to the pillar in honor of Nelson, erected on Calton Hill,) fit type of a mean prejudice, accumulated the lightning which our sage had demonstrated escaped from the pointed conductor, and shivered the imperial trophy. Thus Nature avenged, with the artillery of her own domain, disobedience to her own laws. Where more significantly than in this occurrence, shall we find a stronger demonstration of the mighty truth, that God is his own interpreter?

However profitable it might be to dwell longer on the character of Franklin—whose early toils are inseparably identified in all future times with the typographic art, as his original genius is connected with the lightnings of heaven—and give expression to our estimate of his sagacity, his indomitable industry, his inflexible integrity, both in private and in public affairs, the occasion allows us only to add, that those faculties which gave to his labors a practical adaptation to the most diversified undertakings, were further enriched by a sweetness of temper, a charity of feeling, a tolerance of opinion, and a superiority to envy, unsurpassed in the history of men; as if nature had been solicitous to unite in one being the choicest gifts, which she has, for the wisest ends, scattered only promiscuously among mankind. Well, indeed, has he been pronounced by the eminent, the most rational of philosophers, the kindest and most benevolent of men.

I will trespass but a moment longer on your patience. Fellow-members, you have done an act of justice only in associating so intimately the name of Franklin with the New-York Typographical Society. Every body knows that the great philosopher made his first appearance on this habitable globe in Boston; no one is ignorant that much of his long life is associated with Philadelphia. The house in which he first drew breath still stands, I believe, in its original place; his mortal remains still consecrate the city of his adoption. I never visit Philadelphia that I do not visit his venerated tomb. But Franklin is also closely connected with New-York, by his repeated sojourns here, by his philosophical discoveries made here, and by his delectable companionship with prominent individuals among us. Here, with Lieutenant-Governor Colden; with John Stevens, so early engaged in railway experiments; with Bard, the physician; with James Alexander; with Smith, the historian, he passed pleasing hours, and held occasional interviews of a social and scientific nature. But wherever he was, in whatever society, an intellectual atmosphere was imparted by him: he might discourse concerning the electrical eel with Williamson, the sturdy disputant on Colonial affairs; converse with John Bartram on the sublimity of American forest scenery; blow soap bubbles with Ingenzousz on the banks of the river Thames; grace the soirées of Sir John Pringle in London, with Cook and Banks, on the eve of

voyages round the world; discuss the nature of the vital principle with Hewson, the anatomist; inspire with new hopes the destitute traveller, Capt. Jonathan Carver, in some secret lodging-place in London: on whatever topics he spoke, intelligence flowed from his lips; his hearers' eyes brightened with expectancy, and their hearts improved. A cultivated head is a perpetual workshop, at the command of its possessor; and this principle he never lost sight of in whatever country he was found, or in whatever capacity he appeared. Talleyrand, who, like Ulysses, had visited many cities, said that the greatest sight he had ever beheld was Hamilton walking through Broadway to the court-room, with his pile of law authorities under his arm: it must have been a no less gratifying spectacle to behold our Franklin among the busy haunts of men, moving with republican simplicity amid the scenes of humble industry.

In New-York, with Colden, I believe, he projected the foundation of the Association, now best known as the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, for promoting Useful Knowledge. In some observations which I made at the Literary Dinner, given in New-York to Authors and Booksellers, now some fifteen years ago, I stated that I thought the honor of the stereotype invention belonged to this city, because the *new method of printing* suggested by Colden, in his letter to Franklin, is very likely the same as that practised by M. Herhan of Paris, under letters patent of Napoleon. Colden's details of his plan were addressed to Dr. Franklin in a communication written a century ago. Franklin was delighted with the feasibility of the invention, and when he went to France submitted it to Didot, the printer and type-founder at Paris. Herhan, a German, who had been an assistant of Didot, but now separated from him, took it up in opposition to Didot. It is affirmed, on good authority, that Herhan's method of stereotyping is precisely similar to that which Colden invented. Thus Didot and Herhan appear conclusively to have derived from America—from New-York may I be permitted to say—that celebrity in this art which they enjoyed in France.* Notwithstanding the remote period at which the project of stereotyping was suggested in this city, the first demonstration of the art was not made until 1813, when John Watts stereotyped and printed a copy of the Larger Catechism in 12mo. In June, 1815, the Bruces, of New-York, stereotyped and printed the Bible, 12mo.

In my examination of the extensive manuscript correspondence of Colden, made many years ago, I found that Franklin, while in New-York, was sadly in want of apparatus to prosecute his experiments on electricity. He could find no competent artisan to execute his orders, and with that energy and perseverance which were peculiarly his own, he set about the work himself, and completed an electrical machine that effectively served his purposes. Some of his most valuable principles in his great science were verified by this machine of his own making; and his Observatory was the steeple of the

* The Correspondence on this subject may be seen in the American Medical and Philosophical Register, vol. i. 1811.

then New Dutch Reformed Church, now occupied as the Post Office in this city. There are letters of his to his old and valued friend, Peter Collinson, of London, and others, that contain some of the results of his inquiries made under these circumstances. Had I been aware in season that my friend Morse was engaged in his Magnetic Telegraph experiments in New-York, I would have urged him to have taken the old steeple for the purpose. Is it not, however, beautifully appropriate to the genius of our country that, although she boasts no antiquated tower, such as that hallowed in Tuscany by the memory of Galileo's vigils, yet that the humble spire reared by the brave exiles for religious liberty, witnessed also the early triumphs of American science; and that the same quaint edifice is the memorial both of the truths of religion and of the truths of nature, equally derived from God, though so often ignorantly divided? But though the inventor of the electrical telegraph elsewhere proved the availability of his theory, let us here and now, on this occasion, sacred to the memory of native genius and to human progress, blend their honored names in an electric chain of sympathetic homage. In conclusion, gentlemen, I offer you a toast:

ELECTRICITY.—The Mercury of the Elements, whose rapid movement and infinite adaptation are typical of American genius; Franklin brought him from Heaven, and Morse taught him to carry the messages of Earth.

X. WOMAN.—Civilization has exalted her from a slave, to reign as a queen over the heart and fortunes of man.

Mr. WM. OLAND BOURNE, being called upon, said:

Mr. President:—In responding to the sentiment just proposed, I shall be very brief. I truly love Woman; but I love the Printer's Art more than woman; not that I love woman the less, but the great and noble art the more, because it has made woman what we find her here in our midst this evening, and throughout the civilized world. The Press has been woman's best friend. It has raised her from the depths of heathen degradation, and placed her side by side in intellect, in morals, in knowledge, with the "lords of creation," and is preparing the way for that perfect equality of mental and social condition to which she is entitled by her innate powers of perception, her gentleness, her goodness. Well may we dispense with wine, when we can substitute woman to enliven and cheer our festivities. We have only to contrast the present condition of woman in the barbarous and savage state with what we find it among ourselves, to perceive what the Press has done, and can do, for woman, when made the handmaid of religion and virtue. To the press woman owes an abiding obligation of intense love and veneration. Again, Mr. President, I say, I love woman, but I love the Press more, for its noble achievement in making her what she is.

In concluding, permit me to offer the following sentiment:

THE PARISIAN PRINTERS OF JUNE 13, 1849.—Although laboring and contending against the despotism of antiquated custom, may they yet learn that moral and constitutional Liberty are as inseparable in theory as they are glorious in exercise.

The Quartette Club here sung another glee.

XI. COMMERCE AND THE PRESS.—Co-laborers in the civilization of the world. The one bears the products of art and skill, the other spreads the light of genius and the wisdom of philosophy, to the remotest parts of the globe.

Mr. GEORGE PECKHAM responded :

Mr. President :—In reply to the sentiment which you have just offered, permit me to say, that while the Press has been the means of arousing the mass of mankind to a knowledge of their rights, their dignity, and their power, the Merchant also has contributed a powerful aid to the cause of human rights and human freedom.

Sir, of all the interests that build up, or assist in building up, a nation's power and glory, there is none so extensive, none having so direct a bearing upon its welfare and prosperity, as the mercantile interest. No interest deserves so much, nor should receive more, of the fostering care of government. Sir, the memory of the Phœnician Merchants will never fade away. Although their empire has gone down among the dust and darkness of ages, and the memorials of their power and their splendor wasted by decay's effacing finger, yet they still live—live in the record of their daring excursions in the distant sea and on the distant shore, and in the indelible impress which they left upon the nations, in their traffic and trade all over the world. Every where succeeding generations have marked the trace of their footsteps, and have developed indubitable evidences of their vast power and dominion. Their wealth and their taste adorned the magnificent cities, whose splendid ruins amid deserts have excited the curiosity and the admiration of succeeding ages. And such, sir, has been the character of the Merchant, as a class, through all time. He is the banner-staff of civilization ; he is the first to venture in unknown seas, and with no light to guide him save that of the stars, and his own peculiar science, Navigation, he defies the storm and the tempest, the rock and the shoal, in search of the treasures that lie in their depths. He is the first to travel in unknown lands, and reckless of health and of life, he ransacks the forests, gleaning every production of nature that contributes in the least to the pleasures or the necessities of man. Sir, it is to the industry, the energy, the enterprise of the English Merchant, that England owes her present greatness and glory. The Knights of the Round Table, the mail-clad warriors of the Edwards and the Richards, would never have made England what England now is. Her Merchants have carried the insignia of her power upon every sea and every shore, and crowded into her capital the rich productions of every clime. He is the main pillar in the immense fabric of British government. Take him away, and the glory of her power will go down ; her arts will languish and decline ; and the sciences, failing their support, will grow dim and decay.

Sir, I regret that the lateness of the hour will not allow me to say half

what I wish to say of the character of the Merchant. I feel it would be wrong in me to detain longer here the youth and beauty I see around me, especially when I know with what ardor and expectancy the heart of youth is filled, when music calls away to the pomp and splendor of the gay saloon. Sir, their hearts are in the Ball-room, and from the anxiety they manifest, I judge they would rather be wandering there themselves.

XII. SISTER SOCIETIES.—With a field as large as the wants and sorrows of man, sowing the seeds of benevolence, and nurturing them with sympathy, the fruits they gather are gratitude and love.

Volunteer Toasts.

By General Morris :

THE AMERICAN UNION.—“What God has joined together, let not man put asunder.”

A union of Lakes—a union of Lands,
A union of States none may sever,
A union of hearts—a union of hands,
American Union for ever.

By Charles King, President of Columbia College :

THE PRINTER'S TYPES.—In the might of which—more prevailing than that of armed soldiers—Truth, Right, and Freedom, STAND invincible.

By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq. :

“THE DEVIL.”—A link between the author and the printer: may he come with queries well put, and return with every error corrected.

By Prof. S. F. B. Morse :

THE PRESS.—Its legitimate use to *ex-press* and *im-press*, not to *sup-press* the truth, nor to *op-press* nor *de-press* an honest heart.

By Charles A. Davis :

A GRAND MONUMENT TO FRANKLIN.—A complete Printing Establishment, *owned and worked by Journeymen*.—Resolved, That we can have it, and that we will. Those in favor of the resolution, say aye.

By J. L. Jewett :

SOCIAL REUNION.—Means to an end.—A free press and free speech have then accomplished their work, when conventional barriers no longer separate congenial minds.

By D. C. Henderson :

CALIFORNIA.—With all the thirst for gold among her hardy pioneers, we find she is not forgetful of the art preservative of all arts—“the mystic art divine”—in sending our accomplished brother typo, EDWARD GILBERT, to Congress, who has struck a rich lead in the *Alta California*. May California, with her youthful sisters, New Mexico and Deseret, be speedily admitted into the Union. Labor attains ample reward on the Pacific slope, and Ratting is spurned from its Virgin soil.



J. Fenimore Cooper



Saml. J. B. Morse

By D. H. Reins :

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.—The most perfect form of Government on earth, which, while it guarantees to the citizen the full enjoyment of every right, contains within itself the germ of regeneration from abuses in every branch, through the medium of the elective franchise.

By A. Chandler :

SULTAN ABDUL MEDJID, GRAND SEIGNIOR OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE.--His example of mercy to the Hungarians does honor to his head and heart. Christian monarchs might profit by it, but "*those whom the gods have determined to destroy they first make mad.*"

By Gen. Wright, of N. J. :

THE PRINTER'S STICK.—Unlike the Irishman's, which possesses the peculiar quality of knocking people down, the printer's *stick* has helped to *set up* many great men, and held them until they were perfectly *composed*. It evades the law against "*billies,*" as editors daily use the "*stick of the craft*" for the greatest display when it is most heavily *lead*-ed.

By James R. Williams, of N. J. :

THE PRESS, A CASE IN POINT.—May the *craft* always be *impressed* with a high regard for justice, and *square* their actions by the Golden *Rule*.

By Gen. Wright, of N. J. :

The *iron-ic* order of communication by which the race has been fraternized—invented by Professor Morse. He is entitled to every *morse-el* of the honor, and no one can presume to share his glory without feelings of *remorse*.

By Mr. Ward :

THE LADIES.—Always favorable to a "*press,*" PROPERLY CONDUCTED.

By Edwin Vary :

THE BEST ROUTE TO THE GOLD MINES.—Through the pages of "*Poor Richard.*"

By D. H. Reins :

EDUCATION—The Basis of Civilization.—May it be diffused throughout the world, until bigotry and superstition be banished, and civil and religious liberty become the inherent birthright of every individual.

By Geo. W. Moore :

COLD WATER.—Its substitution for wine on this occasion will prevent our *matter from getting off its feet*.

By John W. Oliver :

TEMPERANCE, INDUSTRY, FIDELITY—A complete *font*.—Those who *justify* their lives thereby will seldom *get out of sorts* in this present world—and at the *conclusion*, after their *forms* have been *locked up*, and they come to be *revised* by the GREAT PROOF READER, they will be found correct.

By James A. Gilbert :

ANN STREET—The grand centre of Literature in this Metropolis.—May the works issued here, unlike the condition of its pavements, be ever free from filthy corruption.

By Robert Bonner :

THE PERSEVERING TYPO.—Like Lazarus, of Scripture memory, he is frequently frowned on by the “noblemen” of the Press, while picking up “crumbs” of knowledge at their feet ; but, notwithstanding, he seldom fails to reach the “bosom” of prosperity, where he can be viewed “afar off” by his former fancied superiors.

By Charles McDevitt :

THE NEW-YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AND THE NEW-YORK TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.—The object of the one is to elevate the moral and intellectual character of the Trade, that of the other to obtain the *quid pro quo* for their labor.—Like the twin sisters, Faith and Hope, they are always attended by Charity.

By C. C. Savage :

THE HISTORY OF AMERICA.—Written with the pen of knowledge, printed in the indelible color of truth, illustrated by experience, bound in love and faith, stamped with the shield of Liberty, it is published for the benefit of all nations.

By Geo. Spear :

THE UNION.—*Justified* by the world, and so compact in its *making up*, that no new *imposition* should change it to a smaller *space*.

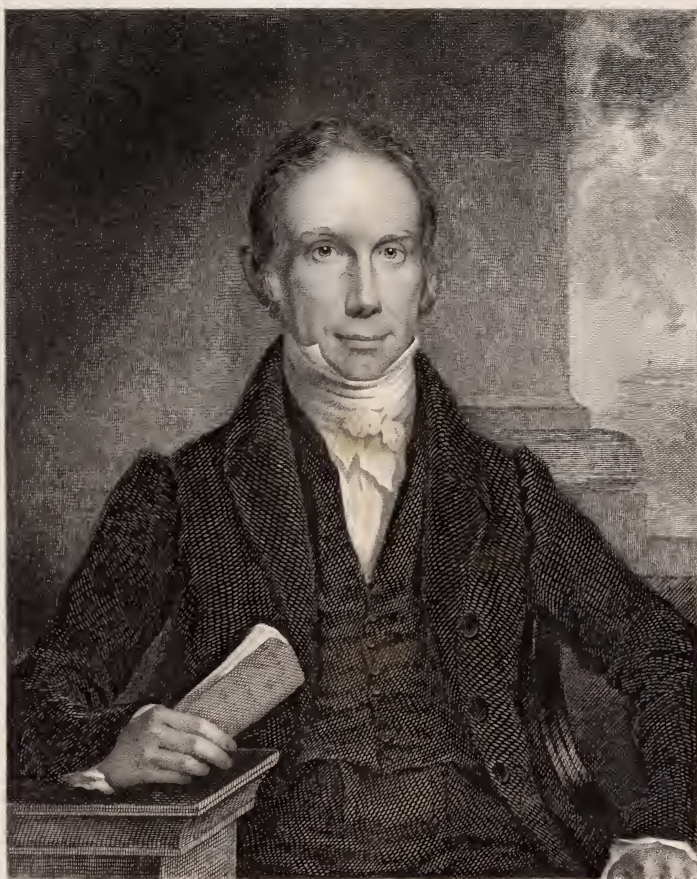
By D. H. Reins :

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.—

“Peace to the just man’s memory : let it grow
Greener with years, and blossom through the flight
Of ages ; and in the book of fame,
The glorious record of his virtues write.”

✍ In reply to invitations, letters were received, expressing regret for their inability to attend, from Hon. Henry Clay, Hon. George Bancroft, Hon. Washington Irving, J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., Chas. King, Esq., Hon. J. K. Paulding, Prof. Morse, Wm. E. Burton, Esq., Jos. T. Buckingham, Esq., Hon. Jas. T. Armstrong, Hon. Jas. Harper, Hon. Jas. Brooks, Hon. J. Phillips Phoenix, Hon. Geo. Briggs, Hon. Walter Underhill, Mayor Woodhull, Freeman Hunt, Esq., John L. Boswell, Esq., Col. Babcock, S. W. Andrews, Esq., Edwin Croswell, Esq., John Turner, Esq., John S. Sleeper, Esq., Wm. B. Kinney, Esq., Col. Isaac Munroe, John Neal, Esq., Judge Ellis Lewis, Chas. A. Davis, Esq., John A. Appleton, Esq., M. W. Dodd, Esq., Chas. S. Francis, Esq., Wm. S. Falls, Esq., Gideon Nye, Jr., Esq., C. F. Lowry, Esq., John W. Peregoy, Esq., and Adam Ramage, Esq.

By the kindness of HIRAM FULLER, Esq., of the *Evening Mirror*, and FRANCIS HALL, Esq., of the *Commercial Advertiser*, all the Letters were published in full in their papers, and therefore it is deemed unnecessary to repeat them here.



Engraved by J. G. Thompson from a painting by W. A. Wood

HENRY CLAY

H. Clay









W. E. Burton

NOTE.

[THE following Communication, written at the request of Gen. ADONIRAM CHANDLER, for the Printers' Festival, and intended to be read by him at the Supper, had time permitted, is from the pen of CHARLES TURELL, an old member of the profession. From a list of near two hundred of our brethren, whom he knew personally, or had held correspondence with, he has furnished a notice of those who have been conspicuous during the present and preceding age. His attention was drawn to the subject from the fact, that some time since it was stated in the papers that printers were necessarily, from their avocation, short lived, their average age being confined to *thirty-one years*. In order to refute the assumption, Mr. TURELL says]:—

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, whose birth we have met to celebrate, was born in 1706, and died in 1790, at the age of 84. ISAIAH THOMAS, whose history is before the world, died at about the same age. But it is of others, less known, whom I am about to speak. I hardly know where to begin, but perhaps I shall be pardoned for mentioning my old *Boss*, as the New Yorkers have it, to commence with. This gentleman was THOMAS C. CUSHING, who established the Salem Gazette, in 1789, and with whom I lived in uninterrupted friendship more than fourteen years, from 1799 to 1813. He was among *the salt of the earth, without losing its savor*. He died at the age of 60, honored and esteemed by all men. Mr. Cushing was pupil to SAMUEL HALL, the celebrated Bookseller, of 73 Cornhill, Boston, who died over 70. Mr. Hall learned the art of EDEN & GILL, who died in Boston in the early part of the last century, both veterans of the craft. Mr. Cushing left his brother Henry, likewise a printer. He is at this time residing at Providence, at the age of about 75. I recently received a letter from one of my chums, who said it was proverbial among the people there, that "if there was a perfectly honest man in that town, it must be HENRY CUSHING."

The next on my list is no other than BENJAMIN RUSSELL, Editor of the Columbian Sentinel, of Boston—a paper more sought after than any other on the Continent, during the wars of Europe. *Major Ben*, as he was familiarly called, had the map of all the seats of conflict in his head, and could trace and define to the reader of the Sentinel every league of ground traversed by Bonaparte, from the battle of Marengo to his defeat at Waterloo. He was in the Legislative and Executive Councils of Massachusetts for many years, and died recently at the age of 85. He was an apprentice to Isaiah Thomas. His brother, JOHN RUSSELL, of the Boston Gazette, died at the age of 60.

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG, late Lieut. Gov. of Massachusetts, is living at Boston, at the age of nearly 70; he is a graduate from the office of MANNING & LORING, who died each at an advanced age. THOMAS B. WAIT, of the firm of Lilly, Wait, & Co., inventor of the Power Press, died at 65. ADAMS & RHOADES, of the Boston Chronicle, died at an advanced age. Their paper was famous from the untiring effusions of the celebrated Benjamin Austin, written under the signature of "Honestus."

YOUNG & MINNS, of the New England Palladium, were celebrated in their day. Mr. Minns was many years in the Legislature, and was so assiduous in his duties, that he would not leave his business a single day for recreation during his whole administration of that paper; and it was not till he relinquished the editorial chair, that he could be induced to pay a visit to New-York, where he was often invited. On retiring from business, both Major Russell, and Young & Minns, were promptly and properly complimented by banquets given by members of the craft.

Printers should never lose sight of the dignity of their profession, for the most eminent men have embraced it. To say nothing of those whose names are as familiar as household words, there are amateurs of high standing, who have adopted it as a pastime and pleasure. Some of the noblemen in England—to their honor be it mentioned—have printing-offices attached to their country-seats, and superintend their conduct. And this is effected without stint of means. They employ the best workmen in the realm. Their type, paper, ink, and binding, are all of unsurpassed beauty, and they throw out the rarest specimens of the art to be found in the libraries of Europe. They are generally confined to small editions, books *printed*, not *published*—designed chiefly for local or family distribution. A quarto copy of one of these works has recently fallen under the eye of the writer, and he has no hesitation in saying it is one of the most elegant that ever fell from any press. Even *Napoleon*, in the plenitude of his imperial dignity, was a supervisor of the press. When Emperor of the French, he caused an edition of 120 copies of Lebrun's Translations of the Odes of Horace to be printed in gold, on vellum, by DIDOT, the court publisher, and presented a copy to Mr. Madison, then President of the United States. The value of each book was stated to be fourteen hundred dollars.

LUCIEN, his brother, whom the Emperor proscribed and banished, had a great fondness for the art. He who had refused a crown from the hand of Napoleon, when he embarked from Italy in the American ship *Hercules*, with his valuable effects for Philadelphia, in 1809, with a retinue of forty persons, had a printing establishment on board, with operatives to execute his great work, the epic poem *Charlemagne*. The *Hercules*, from stress of weather and sickness in Lucien's family, was obliged to put into Malta, where they became prisoners of war to the British. It is an honorable trait in the officers of the frigate which captured them, that they relinquished all claims to the property of the eminent man, who had been in previous years President of the Council of Five Hundred. Lucien retired to England, unmolested by the government, and there completed

his book. I am indebted for these facts to my brother, who was an officer of the *Hercules*, which vessel had been previously confiscated at Naples by Murat, under the infamous Rambouillet decree.

It would be matter of supererogation to state that some of the craft have been honored with the highest gifts of their countrymen. Franklin, who was a member of the Congress of 1776, and one of the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, was subsequently chairman of a commission of five sent to France, who formed the treaty of alliance between that country and the United States. He also negotiated in 1782 the treaty of peace with Great Britain. On his return he was appointed President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. He early adopted as a maxim the Scriptural text—"He that is diligent in his business shall stand before Princes; he shall not stand before mean men;" and in his latter days boasted of its truth, for he stood before the Imperial Parliament, and taught its members lessons in political economy, of which the wisest of them were ignorant; and he stood before the King and his assembled court the acknowledged head of the whole diplomatic corps in England.

Many of our brethren have been Governors of States, Members of Congress, Senators and Representatives of their respective legislatures, and diplomatic agents abroad. One of the apprentices of the writer of this article, has been thrice elected to Congress from New Hampshire; and another has held the office of postmaster in Boston for twenty years, having resigned at the commencement of the present administration. It is, moreover, a fact worthy of record, that in the year 1845 the mayors of the cities of London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Washington, and New-York, *were all printers!*

Among those who flourished at the commencement of the present century, but have now descended to the tomb, may be mentioned THOMAS BRADFORD, at the age of ninety-six, in Philadelphia. In the same city FRANCIS BAILEY, HALL & SELLERS, DAVID and SEPTIMUS CLAY-POOLE, BENJAMIN TOWNE, JOHN DUNLAP, CHARLES CIST, ANDREW BROWN, HENRY KAMMERER, and ROBERT AITKIN. The latter gentleman printed the first New Testament in the United States, and received the thanks of the Old Congress, who recommended the same. Colonel ELEAZER OSWALD published the Independent Gazette. He went to France, and served the French Republic under Dumourier; previous to which, he fought a duel with Matthew Carey, and shot him in the ankle, at Camden, N. J., in 1788. ANDREW BROWN established the Philadelphia Gazette, in 1792. He, and his wife and two children, with a female servant, were burnt to death in their house, in 1793. To these may be added SHEPARD KOLLOCK of the New Jersey Journal, an officer of the Revolution, and a Judge of the county court, at the age of ninety. JOHN DABNEY, of Salem, Mass.; JAMES ORAM, New-York; JOHN CROOKES, New-York; HUGH GAINES, ISAAC COLLINS, do.; SAMUEL GREEN, of New London; JOHN and ELISHA BARCOCK, of Hartford; ANTHONY HARBELL, of Vermont; WILLIAM WANDS, of Lansingburg; ABR. LYONS, of Troy; JOHN H. BARBER, of Newport; and others of high reputation in their day.

Of those more recently deceased, and who lived to an advanced period, are JOHN LANG, of the New-York Gazette; MICHAEL BURNHAM, of the Evening Post; Colonel STONE, of the Commercial Advertiser; the venerable GEORGE F. HOPKINS, once editor of the same paper; ALEXANDER MING; SAMUEL WOOD; Colonel ALDEN SPOONER, of the Long Island Star; Messrs. T. and J. SWORDS; MATTHEW CAREY, of Philadelphia, who died in consequence of a fall from an omnibus in Broadway; JOHN NEILSON, of the Quebec Gazette; ZACHARIAH POULSON, of Philadelphia; JESSE BUEL, of Albany; WARWICK PALFREY, of Salem, Senator of Massachusetts; JOSEPH GALES, senior, of the Raleigh (N. C.) Gazette, father of Mr. Gales of Washington City; SOLOMON SOUTHWICK, of Albany; and the venerable poet, and immortal author of the Old Oaken Bucket, SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

Many of the worthy members of the profession, who are now living, and retired from active life, are daily seen among us; and may they long survive to receive their reward in the thankfulness of the nation. The most ancient of them, is the venerable CHARLES HOLT, once publisher of the Hudson Bee, and of one or more papers in this city. He incurred a fine of \$1000 under the Sedition Law of 1800, which Congress, a short time since, repaid him, principal and interest—an acceptable present to comfort him in his old age. EDMUND M. BLUNT, formerly of Newburyport, first publisher of Bowditch's Navigator, resides at Sing Sing; MATTHEW L. DAVIS, enjoys a small post under government. JOHN TURNER, for thirty years joint-proprietor with the late Mr. Lang, is in the enjoyment of good health. NAPHTALI PHILLIPS, GEORGE BRUCE, and AMOS BUTLER, late of the Mercantile Advertiser. Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, is at the head of the medical profession in the city, and in full practice. Of those living abroad, are CHARLES PIERCE, who established the Portsmouth Oracle in 1793. He resides in Germantown, Penn. He was apprentice to Major Russell, of Boston. NATHANIEL KNIGHT, of Baltimore, from the Salem Gazette office in 1800. Colonel HARRY HUNT, of the Sag-Harbor Corrector, pays us an annual visit. The Rev. HARRY CROSWELL, of Connecticut, is seen here triennially, at the General Convention of the Episcopal Church. In addition to these, I would add the name of the Treasurer of the N. Y. Typographical Society, the venerable GEORGE MATHER, whom may God long preserve to pursue that course of charitable but unobtrusive usefulness which has ever characterized his life.

To conclude this long list, I must not omit my antediluvian friend JOHN MELCHER, of Portsmouth—what his age is, is no man knoweth. He is, without contradiction, the veritable "oldest inhabitant" of Printerdom! He disdains to talk of such *recent events* in history as the battles of Lexington and Bunker-Hill, or the capture of Burgoyne and surrender of Cornwallis, or the conflicts of the Nile and Trafalgar. Nothing delights him better than to converse about his friends Queen Anne, the Duke of Marlborough, and the battle of Blenheim. He does sometimes talk about his young friend Sir William Pepperrell, the reduction of Louisbourg, and the Plains of Abraham.—May he live a thousand years, and may his shadow never be less!

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

PRINTERS' BANQUET,

HELD BY THE

N. Y. TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY,

ON THE OCCASION OF

FRANKLIN'S BIRTH-DAY, JAN. 17, 1850,

AT

NIBLO'S, BROADWAY.

NEW-YORK:

CHARLES B. NORTON, 71 CHAMBERS-STREET,

(IRVING HOUSE.)

1850.



